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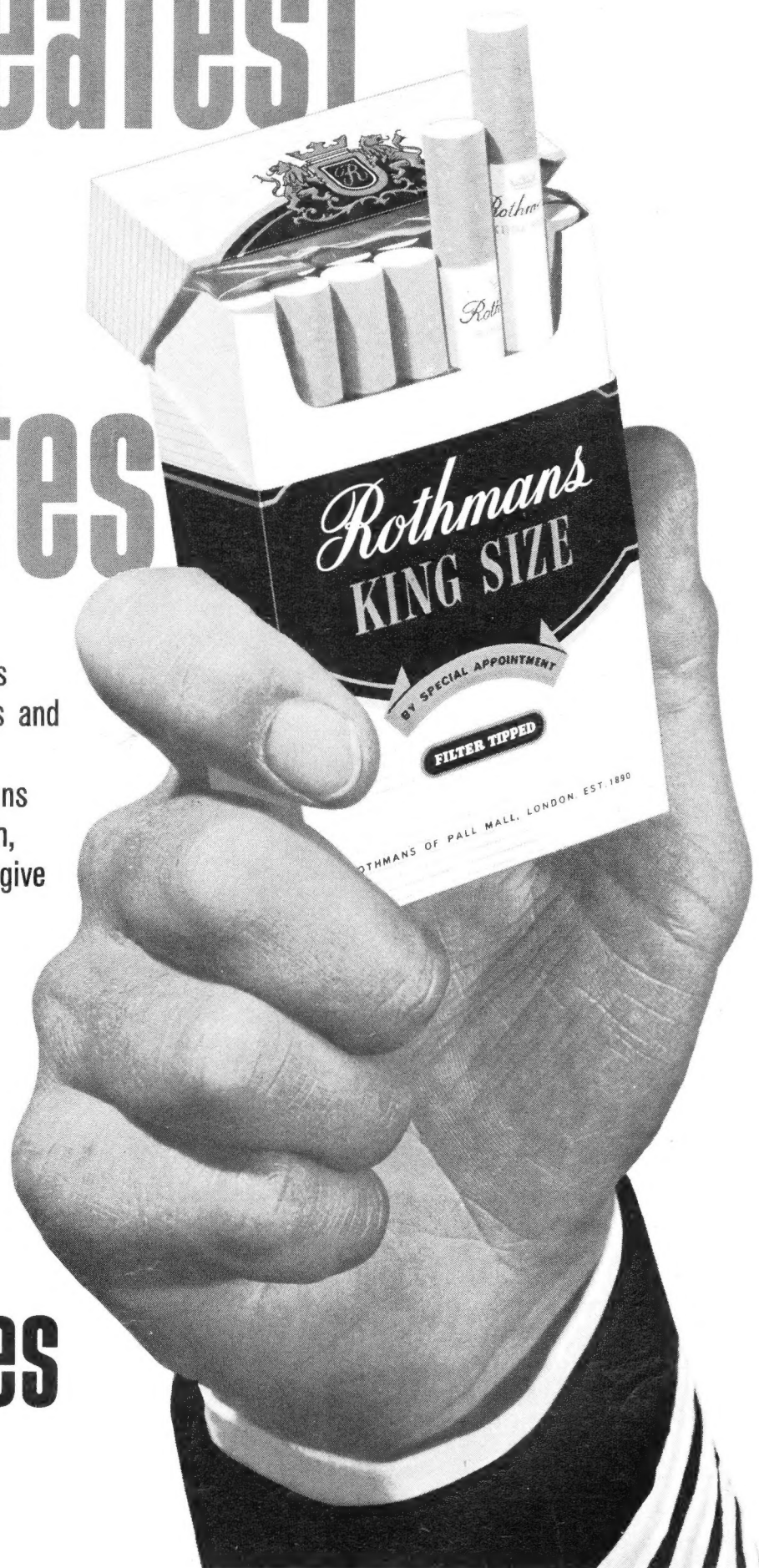




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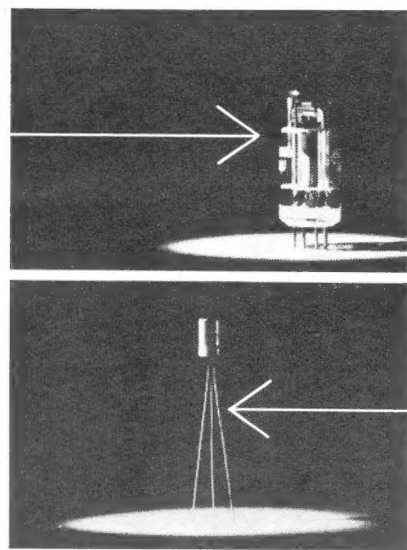
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EDITOR'S NOTE

In the office of
 our 'publisher':
 a change of command



EDGAR R. BAKER



CHARLES B. BEAR

As our masthead on page 7 shows, LIFE International has a new Managing Director. He is Charles B. Bear, and he replaces Edgar R. Baker, who moves up to new duties as a member of corporate management of Time Inc.

For 15 years Ed Baker has been Managing Director of Time-Life International, and as such has been the "publisher" of LIFE International, as well as LIFE en Español and TIME International, not to mention a host of other Time-Life International activities all around the world. Though by Time Inc. tradition our duties are quite separate, the editors who have worked most closely with Ed Baker have formed a lasting respect and affection for him. He has built Time-Life International into a major division of Time Inc., meanwhile circling the globe countless times and often seeming to be in three or four places at once. Economist, expert on international business and politics, raconteur and connoisseur, he is also a veritable wellspring of ideas; LIFE International's Atlas Issue of Jan. 29, 1962, which many readers will remember, was his idea.

We view Ed Baker's promotion with mixed emotions, largely because for the past four years we have come to feel every bit as much respect and affection for his deputy who now becomes the new Managing Director and our new "publisher": Charley Bear. Former Business Manager of Time-Life International and former Associate Publisher of FORTUNE, Time Inc.'s magazine of business, Charley Bear will not only continue in Time-Life International's finest tradition, we are sure, but will even enhance it.

A.B.C. WHIPPLE
 Editor
 LIFE International Editions

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

TURBULENCE IN THE AIR—AND ELSEWHERE

'MYSTERIOUS DANGER IN SKIES' Sirs:

The major cause of the disastrous effects of turbulence on jet airliners (LIFE International, Jan. 11) lies in the well-known fact that swept-wing aircraft are, by nature of their design, exceedingly sensitive to changes in relative wind direction. Due to the angle of sweep, any change in wind-heading (relative to the aircraft) will have a sharply unequal effect on port and starboard wings; obviously, when the wind comes from other than straight ahead the lift over the near wing will be increased, while the lift over the far wing will be decreased. Lift is, among other variables, a critical function of wing-surface curvature: when the wind suddenly comes from, say, the right of the aircraft's centerline, the starboard wing presents a narrower width of much sharper curvature than would be presented to air flowing parallel to the fuselage; thus starboard lift may be instantly doubled by mere change of relative wind direction. This is bad enough. But consider what is happening on the port side: here, since the wind comes from the right and because of the sweep-angle of the port wing, the wind tends to flow *along* the wing out to its tip not crossing it at all. In this extreme case, of course, the lift would instantly fall to zero, and while the starboard wing has doubled its pull skyward the port wing with both its engines would be simply so many deadweight tons of metal responding to the pull of earth's gravity. An aircraft in such circumstances would flip instantly onto its back in a sharp cartwheeling climb to port, then fall like a stone into a nose-down projectile dive.

This problem is the dreadfully well-known problem in swept-wing aircraft of yaw. Yaw is the side-to-side slewing or skidding motion of an aircraft, as distinct from pitching or rolling. Obviously, yaw is one way the aforementioned conditions could and do arise. On takeoff and landing the problem is especially critical due to near-stall speeds and insufficient altitude for recovery of errors. However, this difficulty has been overcome through the successful installation of anti-yaw devices on all big jet aircraft. But it should be clear that this instability due to sudden differential lift loading is not new.

Now, how does the foregoing pertain to the turbulence puzzle? Well, first of all, it should be immediately obvious even to a budget-starved administrator that from the point of view of relativistic physics *it makes utterly no difference whether the aircraft yaws or the relative wind veers*. The effect would be the same. Suppose a jet moving at below cruising speed suddenly hits a jet stream at right angles to the stream's flow-axis. If the velocity of the stream is—for example's sake—of the same order of magnitude as the plane's airspeed, then there will be a 45° instantaneous change in the relative wind-heading. If the sweep angle of the wings is 45°, then the relative velocity over the increased curvature of the near wing will be the vector sum of the jet-stream velocity and the aircraft's speed; while over the far wing the wind angle will parallel the sweep angle and the wind velocity *over* the wing's curvature will be precisely zero. This may not mean much to anyone who hasn't flown, but

to a pilot the implications of the accelerations and force-couples involved are utterly staggering. Such forces could tear a jet airliner apart. But consider the further case of an airliner flying at Mach 0.8 colliding head-on with a jet stream moving at Mach 0.2. The relative velocity between them would add up to Mach 1, the speed of sound. This could easily account for the sensation of hitting a wall, rapid climb and stall-like shuddering variously reported by pilots encountering trouble at high altitudes. The proper tactic would be to let the aircraft climb and to avoid at all costs extreme or unrecoverable positions of the controls, using instead power-on as the means of control until such time as God allows otherwise. (The worst imaginable disequilibrium would occur if only one wing were to go supersonic or into high-speed stall.) In all of this it must be kept firmly in mind that so-called updrafts and downdrafts may not be due to vertical currents at all but are actually sharp changes in lift caused by sudden shifts in the velocity and/or angle of the relative horizontal airflow. It might be useful to look at the air-speed and rate of climb indicators in the first instant of trouble, keeping in mind that *at high altitude in clean air* the trouble is probably due to an encounter with a fast-moving steady stream that radically alters the relative direction and velocity of wind over lift and control surfaces; this knowledge alone should help since it should help orient the pilot's judgment of the redistributed forces acting on the airframe. Knowing his latitude, altitude and direction, he should be able to make an informed guess as to how any given jet stream should be flowing in relation to his own course, and from this apprehend to some degree the behavior of the aircraft in collision with it. The main thing is to be ready for the dead opposite of whatever trouble started the caper.

At low altitude the problem is more complex. Turbulence is vortical with wind velocity increasing toward the center and then reversing direction abruptly, and jets have sufficient wing-spread to span an entire vortex. This is what happens when an attempt is made to fly into thunderheads, which is almost as dangerous as flying between them. Flying into a thunderhead through its center means the relative wind over one wing is increased while over the other it is decreased. The same is true flying between thunderheads (which mark center of local vortices).

Captain Voris, by the way, is correct: all thunderstorms are tornadoes where aircraft are concerned, and I think it can be demonstrated to anyone willing to listen that winds in these systems commonly reach Mach 1 (although I doubt the weather bureau agrees yet on this point).

Finally, flying taxpayers everywhere owe a huge debt of gratitude to LIFE and to Writer Young for bringing this question to light; the eight million dollars he mentions strikes me as a reasonable figure for a research program. Having given the matter thought I find the turbulence problem neither mysterious nor hopeless, and although the various remedial measures and cautionary procedures are rather complex

to go into here, they follow directly from the theory herein advanced. But the clear statement of a problem is the first half of its solution; so I propose to Writer Young that we split the eight million fifty-fifty. I don't know about him, but my wife says we could use the money.

HAROLD HUMES

London, England

► Mr. Humes, an American living in London, is a novelist, a founder of the *Paris Review*, a former teacher at Harvard, and an impassioned scientist, with a special interest in physics, which he studied at M.I.T. He first became concerned with turbulence when he served as a sailing master in 1954, and has considered its problems ever since. Warren R. Young, author of the article, comments that Mr. Humes's reaction is "marvelously accurate" but adds that, in addition to the factors of which Mr. Humes treats, there are serious deficiencies in turbulence-detecting apparatus, in dive-speed or attitude-correcting devices, and in the education of "pilots, public and panjandrums."—ED.

Sirs:

The experiences of air pilots caught in areas of turbulence will be recognized, though on a safer scale, by those who, like myself, have sailed a boat unintentionally through a minor air vortex; heeled well over to starboard one instant and then right over to port the next, one is lucky not to gybe and dismast if one is not fairly close hauled. The problem is the lack of time to adjust trim to the sudden change in the wind's force and direction.

The short answer may be to equip the larger planes with two smaller jet engines near their noses, thrusting vertically upwards and downwards respectively, as in the VTO aircraft, so that the nose can be brought back into trim by power applied where the movement is required, and without putting an impossible load on the tail. Solid fuel rockets might do the job and be less bulky.

MICHAEL BENKERT

London, England

Sirs:

... Consulting the weather man adds to safety and efficiency of air travel. As forecasting in the Alpine regions of Central Europe is more difficult than, let's say, on the British Isles, this science is sometimes scorned upon here, which might be the reason why we have small funds for weather research, if any at all. For an employee of the met office at the Vienna airport it is little comfort to know that U.S. meteorologists have the same financial problems, though on a bigger scale.

J. DAMM

Vienna, Austria

► Dr. Georg Skoda, government meteorologist at Vienna, comments that forecasts for the Alpine regions and for the British Isles are almost

equally difficult to make, with the British having a slight, seasonably variable advantage. "British data originating for the greater part . . . from ships at sea and aircraft in flight is less complete than that serving forecasters for the Alpine regions," Dr. Skoda remarks. "Here, there could be no more data or points of observation. . . . Our greater difficulty arises from the nature of the Alpine terrain. The mountains interfere with weather developments in sometimes unpredictable ways. This is of course not true of the British Isles and the Atlantic weather."

The British meteorological office does not agree that its task is easier, arguing that there are only eight fixed weather ships off Britain, whereas Switzerland is surrounded by observation stations. Conceding that mountainous regions do have to contend with marked local differences, the British meteorologists point out that moist air masses from the Atlantic, whence most of Britain's weather comes, also can be unpredictable.—ED.

THE MONUMENTAL BLUFF

Sirs:

The article "The Monumental Bluff" (LIFE International, Dec. 28) was quite interesting for it revealed many unknown aspects of U.S. and U.S.S.R. relations. However, the "village" Diyarbakir has a population of 80,000 and as far as we Turks are concerned it is still in southeastern Turkey, and not situated in the mountains of Turkey that stare across the Black Sea.

AKIF ERDUR
ALI S. PAYA

Ankara, Turkey

Sirs:

As described in the article, Diyarbakir is approximately 400 (statute) miles away from its actual location. Let's hope U-2 pilots are a bit better at map reading.

PAUL C. COCHRAN

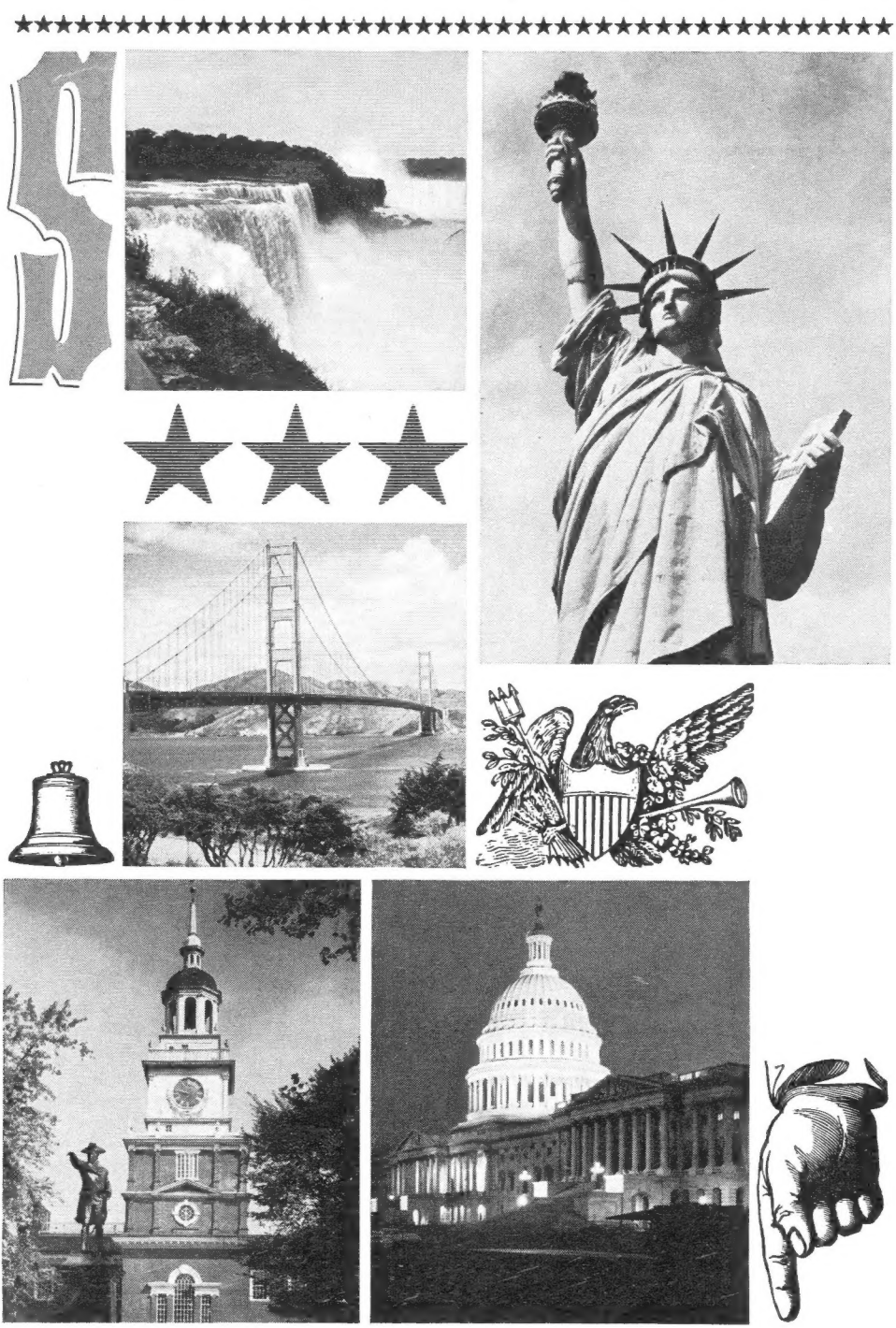
Kilis, Turkey

Sirs:

The author certainly displays a thorough knowledge of the big jig-saw puzzles the CIA and other cloak-and-dagger services are forced to play.

When he writes: "Khrushchev needed a political victory when he set off for Vienna (June 1961). He sought it on the issue of Berlin," he may be right. But the conclusions he draws by proving that Mr. Kennedy and his government could not be scared apparently are wrong. Only two months later Nikita's satellite, Ulbricht, was allowed to erect a barbed wire fence first, a concrete wall later across the German capital without being hindered by the U.S., U.K., and French governments and without the firing of a single shot.

Either Mr. Kennedy was bluffed by Khrushchev and badly informed by the Washington boys or he was well informed about the political and military



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strength of the U.S.S.R. and not taken in by the Russian chief.

I hope that your author is wrong; otherwise there is only one conclusion: the Berlin wall was made with the consent of the United States government.

HANS LINDEN

Berlin-Grunewald, Germany

SEAN O'CASEY

Sirs:

My thanks sincerely for the moving tribute paid to Sean O'Casey (*LIFE International*, Nov. 2). A great playwright certainly, but also a great compassionate man. We shall never see his like again.

Sean O'Casey, Edith Sitwell, T.S. Eliot—they are going, sirs, they are going. May not sorrow caress the breast.

A. KIRELIS

Invercargill, New Zealand

THE STRANGEST HOTEL

Sirs:

The article about the Hotel Chelsea (*LIFE International*, Jan. 11) brought back to me many happy memories of over 40 years ago.

In the early 1920s a suite on, I think, the third floor, had been turned into club rooms for cadets serving in British merchant ships. Miss Katherine Mayo (authoress, amongst other books, of *Mother India*) and other American ladies were the prime movers in the project and thus was born the "British Apprentices Club."

In those days apprentices, or cadets as some were called, were invariably "broke"—small wonder when the average wage was £36 *per annum*!! and this club was an absolute godsend; all one needed was the 5 cent fare on the B.R.T. [subway] and one was assured of a very happy evening in the Hotel Chelsea meeting not only other Britishers, but young Americans, of both sexes and the same age groups.

There must be many masters of British ships who share my recollections of the old hotel.

H. L. COLE

Reynoldston, Wales

DE GAULLE

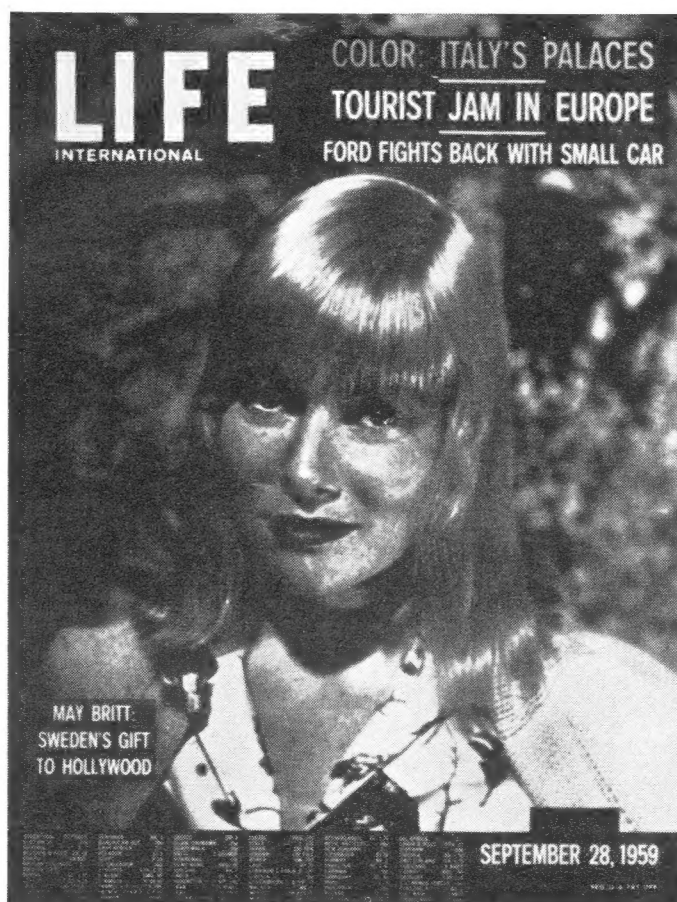
Sirs:

Re Hugh Moffett's article: What to do about De Gaulle? (*LIFE International*, Jan. 25).

Being one of those hundreds of thousands of "humdrum individuals" who from '42 to '45 helped liberate France and the rest of Europe and in memory of those who did not return, I fully agree with M. Paul Reynaud to the effect that it is high time for the United States, under whose military-and-nuclear-might umbrella Gen. De Gaulle is now throwing in every direction his Jupiter Optimus Maximus thunderbolts, to make him realize in no uncertain terms that if he starts anything with his lack-of-*force-de-frappe*, he alone will have to take the consequences. Let him and his underlings know that they must act as responsible members of the European-Atlantic family and stop pontificating and repeating their supercilious hyperboles about their greatness. After all, we have lived through the history of the last 50 years and we know what happened.

C. N. LASKARIS

Rome, Italy



MAY BRITT AS A LIFE INTERNATIONAL 1959 COVER GIRL

KILLER WHALES

Sirs:

With reference to your article "Lovable Killer" (*LIFE International*, Dec. 14) I would like to draw to your attention an entry in a book called *Scott's Last Expedition* (this being the personal journal of Captain R. F. Scott, R.N., C.V.O.) the experience he related of one of the expedition's scientific staff.

The man involved was Herbert G. Ponting, F.R.G.S., Camera Artist, and the entry deals with killer whales (entry for Thursday, January 5th, 1911). I point this out purely as an observation and not as an argument when referring to the piece on page 64 regarding "There are stories of men being stalked by killer whales while walking on ice floes—etc."

Perhaps other subscribers may be interested in reading it.

D. J. HUMPHRIES

Birmingham, England

► The diary passage to which Reader Humphries refers says in part:

"Some 6 or 7 killer whales, old and young, were skirting the fast floe edge ahead of the ship; they seemed excited and dived rapidly, almost touching the floe. As we watched, they suddenly appeared astern, raising their snouts out of water. . . . Close to the water's edge lay the wire stern rope of the ship, and our two Esquimaux dogs were tethered to this. I did not think of connecting the movements of the whales with this fact, and seeing them so close I shouted to Ponting, who was standing abreast of the ship. He seized his camera and ran

towards the floe edge to get a close picture of the beasts, which had momentarily disappeared. The next moment the whole floe under him and the dogs heaved up and split into fragments. One could hear the 'booming' noise as the whales rose under the ice and struck it with their backs. Whale after whale rose under the ice, setting it rocking fiercely; luckily Ponting kept his feet and was able to fly to security. By an extraordinary chance also, the splits had been made around and between the dogs, so that neither of them fell into the water. Then it was clear that the whales shared our astonishment, for one after another their huge hideous heads shot vertically into the air through the cracks which they had made. . . . There cannot be a doubt that they looked up to see what had happened to Ponting and the dogs."

The excerpt is published by permission of John Murray Ltd., London.—ED.

MISSISSIPPI JUSTICE

Sirs:

Thank you very much for the most revealing pictures of the Philadelphia [Mississippi] race fanatics (*LIFE International*, Jan. 11). It is very difficult for people living in a country with no serious race problems to understand the mechanisms behind such hatred but there is a definite pattern in the few remarks accompanying the pictures and telling of these men's backgrounds. These men need something to sustain their dignity, something to look down upon in order to elevate their own

standing in society. It has happened many times before, and it will happen again as long as people like these lack the understanding of human values.

However, looking at the picture on pages 10-11 one cannot help feeling that race oppression in Philadelphia is directed against the wrong part of the population of the town. The only difference might be that my feeling is not an unfounded hatred, but a very well-founded disgust. I sincerely hope that the federal courts will be able to deal effectively with those who are guilty of this inhuman action. If not, people outside the U.S. (and inside too, I hope) will lose their faith in American justice.

OLAV BJUGAN

Tertnes, Norway

SAMMY DAVIS

Sirs:

I feel that the greatness of Sammy Davis (*LIFE International*, Dec. 14) lies not only in his great hit *Golden Boy* but in his successful marriage with May Britt, the lovely girl who adorned the cover of *LIFE International* in 1959. You might reproduce this particular picture to show the readers the "beautiful fortune" he has hooked!!

G. SRINIVAS RAO

Hanamkonda, India

► See illustration at left.—ED.

Sirs:

Sammy Davis is to be congratulated in his triumphing in his bitter struggle to success and happiness. He is a great artist and deserves his just reward.

All the same my heart goes out to his children. They belong to neither the Negro world nor the white man's world. A most invidious position to be in, even in America.

DONALD N. BOYD

Estcourt, Republic of South Africa

LIFE ITSELF

Sirs:

I have been a *LIFE International* subscriber since 1962.

Your magazine has brought me great pleasure—from time to time—as the quality of each issue is fairly changeable.

But I fear your attractive magazine becomes more and more insipid and uninteresting.

Moreover, most of its pages are in bad taste. In that respect I was really sick of your issue of December 28. I shall only notice pages No. 1 [Cover, showing New York at Christmas], 16, 17 [portion of cover story], 64, 65, 66, 67, 68 [the Rockettes]. They are the worst thing a magazine has ever printed; the colors are ugly and the subject is uninteresting and unattractive.

You can, you must improve.

BERNARD JACQUET

Grenoble, France

Sirs:

I want to compliment you on your Dec. 28 issue that was elaborate in every respect. Thanks especially for the pictorial on the Rockettes. . . . I also read your political and scientific articles with great interest and it's a pleasure to inform you of the fact that my three-year subscription begins next year. Keep up the good work.

LARS HANSSON

Hälsveda, Sweden

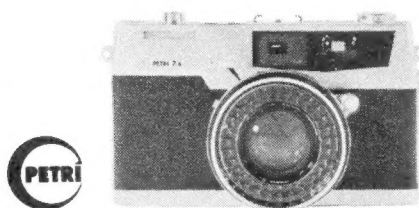
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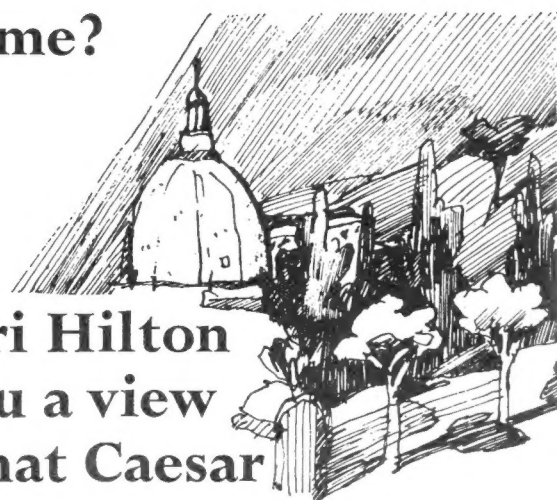
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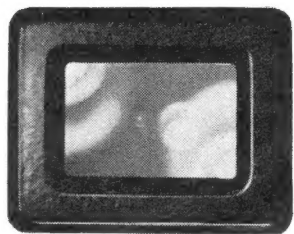
Notice To Our Readers

Fortnightly, LIFE International, with text and pictures, provides information of interest to you. Now, we are asking for information from you.

Soon, many of our readers, selected at random, will receive a questionnaire, along with a reply envelope for its return. It will ask general questions about your occupation, home and family. If you are among those who receive this questionnaire, we would be most appreciative if you would fill it out and send the completed form back to us as soon as possible.

Research Department
LIFE International

What do you see
when you look through
your camera's view-finder?



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Texas with Another Accent

THE ORDWAYS

by WILLIAM HUMPHREY (Chatto &
Windus, Ltd., London)

If, like me, you have felt the need in the past 15 months to know more about the reality behind the myth of Texas and Texans, I bring you glad tidings. William Humphrey, whose *Home from the Hill* (1958) was one of the best first novels of the decade, has peopled his second novel, *The Ordways*, with half a hundred head of Texans of a vibrant, courageous clan whose name could have been, as it most likely was, Humphrey. It also might well have been Baines or Johnson, for both sides of the President's family share an Ordway-like heritage.

The Texas of *The Ordways* is far up in the northeast corner where the state comes together with Oklahoma, Arkansas, and Louisiana, and its metropolis is Dallas. It was to Clarksville, the first town on the Texas side of the Red River, that Ella Ordway, tiny of frame, indomitable of will and great with child, beat her way in an ox-drawn wagon that contained her husband (blinded and hopelessly crippled fighting Yankees at Shiloh), their two children (one drowns on the way) and the gravestones and bones (in assorted kegs) of Ordways exhumed from the family plot in Tennessee. Outside Clarksville, Thomas and Ella Ordway reburied those earlier generations and put down new roots amidst the long-staple cotton that, next to Ordways, was the region's most important product. This was not the Texas that produced the cowboy, the cattle millionaire and the oil prospector. It was dirt farmers' country, more Southern than Western, where landowners from Alabama, Mississippi or Tennessee worked in cotton fields beside former slaves.

Mr. Humphrey, who was born in Clarksville (a real town), knows all these people well. Through an unnamed Ordway narrating in the 1930s he recounts with communicable fascination their almost biblical history. What he narrates is not plot in the narrow sense—there is none—but the heroic story of a dynasty of Southerners who pull out for the West. They are heroic in a quiet, enduring way. An important episode in the book is the long search by Samuel Ordway, grandfather of the narrator,

for his kidnaped 2-year-old son. He was stolen by a neighbor who had taken a shine to him and who eluded capture by simply changing his name to Ordway. The boy is never found—he just turns up of his own accord as a grown man. Through such episodes as these, Humphrey probes the psyches of the Ordways and relates climate to character, soil to soul with a perception that approaches the Faulknerian but has the advantage of reading more like Katherine Anne Porter. And to an urban Northerner who tends to wriggle uncomfortably when a man old enough to be President says, "My daddy used to tell me . . ." the Texan's language, his ties to earlier generations, his cantankerous resentment of authority, his courage suddenly become understandable, even admirable.

These ties Humphrey, through his narrating Ordway, traces to the Scottish clan spirit which he says is strong in most Southerners. Mark Twain was dead right, he says, in suggesting that it was reading Sir Walter Scott that helped condition his ancestors to fight the Civil War. But he thinks Twain missed the essential reason why those border tales made people like the Ordways eager to fight: the tales showed, says the narrator, that they were destined to lose gloriously. Even the Southerner's "innate love of violence and disrespect for law," he says, are "also Scotch, also exacerbated by a sense that the laws are not of his making but imposed by conquerors."

Humphrey is a serious practitioner of the craft of writing, and he has developed a polished, almost elegant style which he does not allow to get in the way of naturalness. He has no avant-garde disdain for the English sentence and is not even afraid of an occasional long one—the (Samuel) Johnsonian kind that requires careful punctuation. This trips him up on those rare occasions when it coincides with his tendency to back into a sentence ("Cowardly herself—or so, despite having borne ten children in a farmhouse bedroom attended by a doctor whose preparedness for emergency consisted of eighteen months' training at a frontier medical academy fifty years before, she believed—she admired silent endurance of pain . . ."). I mention this only because I care about sentences myself and care about Humphrey's future as a writer. I sense that this man, who writes about that fateful corner of Texas with something of the authority of Conrad Aiken on Appalachia and Faulkner on the eroded uplands of Mississippi, may become, like them, the means by which we can come to understand a fascinating part of our country.

by Frank Kappler

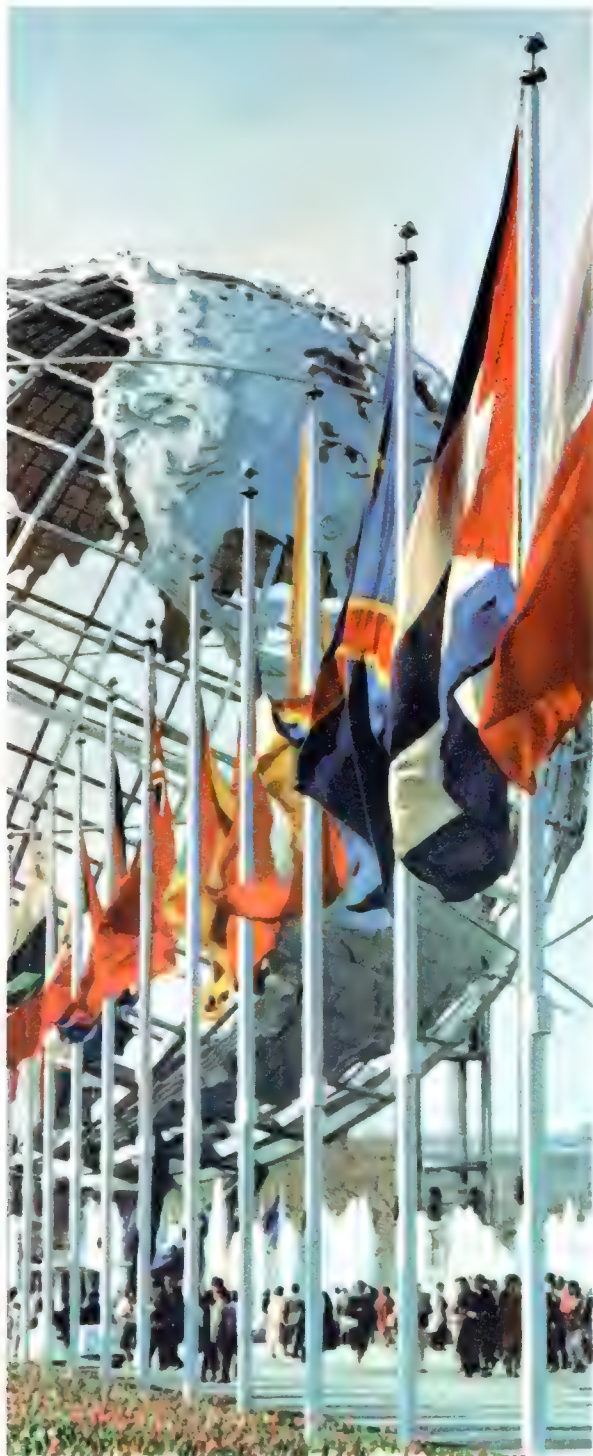
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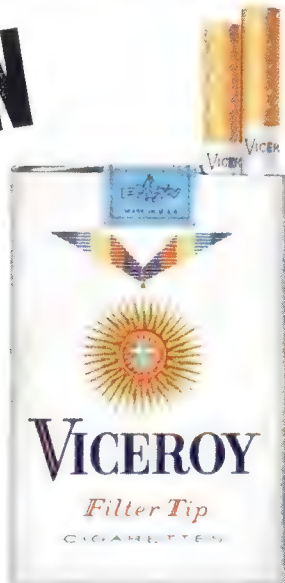


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Vietnam: the War Turns North

War in Vietnam has shifted into yet another and harder phase. The Vietcong guerrilla attacks on American installations have been met with U.S. air strikes against targets in the Communist North.

Our decision to begin a program of punitive bombing attacks has served to recommit us deeply in Vietnam, and it is a commitment that must be carried through without hesitation or confusion of purpose. The President's express aim in introducing American air power into the existing balance of forces is to bring "the cessation of infiltration from North Vietnam and the clear indication by the Hanoi regime that it is prepared to cease aggression against its neighbors." By applying destructive pressure on North Vietnam—

which has hitherto escaped nearly all damage—we aim to raise the price of its participation until the war no longer pays off for Ho Chi Minh.

Such a policy makes sense for sober reasons. First, it is generally accepted that the Vietcong insurgents are heavily dependent on Hanoi for supplies, cadre and over-all guidance. Infiltration of trained revolutionaries is running at a rate of 500 to 1,000 a month. Second, North Vietnam has much to lose in bombings. Its modest industrial establishment, all it has to show for years of sacrifice under Communism, is completely vulnerable. So are most of its military installations.

The fresh breath of enthusiasm which began moving through Saigon in response

to the first sorties can and doubtlessly will be further encouraged by this proof that the U.S. means to follow through. To continue the attacks will take nerve all along the line. The Communists can hardly be expected to give up easily and may well be driven to new extremes of terrorism in an attempt to make us quit.

Air strikes are no substitute for constant pressure against the rebels within South Vietnam nor any solution to the leadership crisis in Saigon. But such strikes—when they are carried out with bravery and resolution—can help force North Vietnam out of the military equation, and at the same time give new spirit to our friends in the South.

Sense in that Golden Nonsense

A Charles de Gaulle press conference is known around the State Department as his "semiannual anti-American lecture." He used his most recent one to launch an assault on the dollar. The dollar, says De Gaulle, should be replaced as the international currency by something "which has a real value, which must be earned to be possessed." And what is that? Gold.

"Yes, gold which does not change in nature . . . which has no nationality . . . the immutable and fiduciary value par excellence." Behind De Gaulle's words you could almost hear the stuff jingling in a million French mattresses, its hideout through the centuries. He wants gold restored to its throne because the Common Market countries now own almost as much gold as the U.S. and could own a lot more if they wanted to turn in their dollars for it.

Most money experts dismissed De Gaulle's "vast reform" as dreamy nonsense. U.S. Treasury officials called it "a retreat to 1931." Yet as always with De Gaulle's pronouncements, this one has a shrewd aim and much prophetic content. The subject of gold is not nonsense when the dollar is in trouble.

Under the prevailing "gold exchange standard" of international payments, the dollar has been generally accepted as a substitute for gold because the U.S. stands ready to buy or sell gold at \$35 an ounce. For seven years we have been mostly selling and our stock of gold, once \$24.5 thou-

sand million, is now only \$15 thousand million. Monetary experts feel mounting uneasiness about this system. They question its ability to support expanding world trade or to surmount another crisis like last autumn's run on sterling.

The currencies that finance most of the world's trade are the pound and the dollar. Unfortunately, Britain and the U.S. are themselves in chronic deficit in their own balance of payments, and the pound and dollar are losing the confidence of other industrial countries for this reason. De Gaulle even charges that the U.S., as the only manufacturer of dollars, can and does create capital "by what must be called inflation" and thus "indebts itself abroad at no cost." He is in effect summoning all the hard-money men of Europe to declare their independence of the dollar.

Although most German, Dutch, Belgian and even French money experts do not share De Gaulle's anti-Americanism, they do not like the behavior of the dollar either. "Seven successive years of deficit," warns Raymond Aron, "end up by shaking confidence in any money, even the dollar." Washington has known for months it must take sterner measures to end these deficits.

Recently the President announced the measures he has chosen. The one with the most public impact is to reduce the duty exemption on tourist purchases abroad. The one with the most business impact is

to tax U.S. bank loans abroad, while also urging banks and corporations to limit their "not essential" exports of capital. But while Johnson's words were determined ("the dollar is, and will remain, as good as gold"), the measures he proposes are more hortatory than muscular. Conspicuous by its absence is any use of the most powerful corrective of all, the Federal Reserve's influence on the total flow of dollars by way of bank reserve requirements and interest rates.

Johnson's reluctance to use monetary policy is due to his fear of dampening our domestic boom. But the increase in money and credit that has fed this boom may well be too rapid and ample. The longer we avoid the "classical medicine" of tighter credit, the more complex and irritating become Johnson's substitute half measures to end the dollar outflow—and the less persuasive to the European central bankers, whose good opinion is one of the dollar's major supports.

On the collaboration of these foreign bankers we must depend, not only to keep the present international monetary system stable, but to work out the needed improvements in it which De Gaulle's cries of "gold!" have overdramatized. De Gaulle himself has not the power to undermine the dollar or to sever its links with Europe. But the U.S. can, by paltering with its own balance of payments deficits, gravely weaken the dollar's voice in its own future.

As a man-made flood rises in a Dutch Guiana jungle, an

'OPERATION GWAMBA'

In the hot, rainy jungles of Surinam (Dutch Guiana) bordering Brazil, a man-made flood last week was slowly inundating native villages. Nearby, as the waters rose, a Bostonian named John Walsh, who is an official of the Massachusetts Society for the Protection of Animals, struggled to save a terrified deer from drowning.

Walsh and his native helpers are part of "Operation Gwamba" ("Animals" in the dialect of the Bush Negroes who inhabit the region), an international mission of mercy on behalf of countless thousands of animals that will drown or starve if left on their own. The water is backing up over some 870 square miles behind a \$50 million hydroelectric dam built on the upper Surinam River by the Surinam Aluminum Company, an Alcoa subsidiary, to boost the industrial potential of the tiny country (pop. 300,000).

The 5,000 human inhabitants of the region were evacuated. The animals left behind—deer, anteaters, pacas, peccaries, monkeys, ocelots, sloths, jaguars, tapirs, tree porcupines—are neither unduly rare nor valuable. But man's responsibility for saving them was quickly assumed. A local district commissioner appealed to the International Society for the Protection of Animals in Boston, which responded by launching the rescue project that will cost about \$100,000 and may save the lives of some 10,000 animals. Helped by a Dutchman working for the Surinam government, John Walsh has organized a 35-man native task force and started removing animals to higher ground—an adventure as perilous as it is rewarding (*next page*).

Photographed for LIFE

by STAN WAYMAN

THE FLOOD COMES. Twenty miles from dam, water envelops an abandoned church. At right, Walsh and two native helpers rescue a deer—one of about 1,000 animals saved thus far. Boston matrons donated old nylons to tie the legs of deer to keep their sharp hooves from injuring rescuers.



international task force wades in

TO RESCUE THE ANIMALS



DESPITE SNAKES AND PIRANHAS THE GOOD WORK HURRIES ON

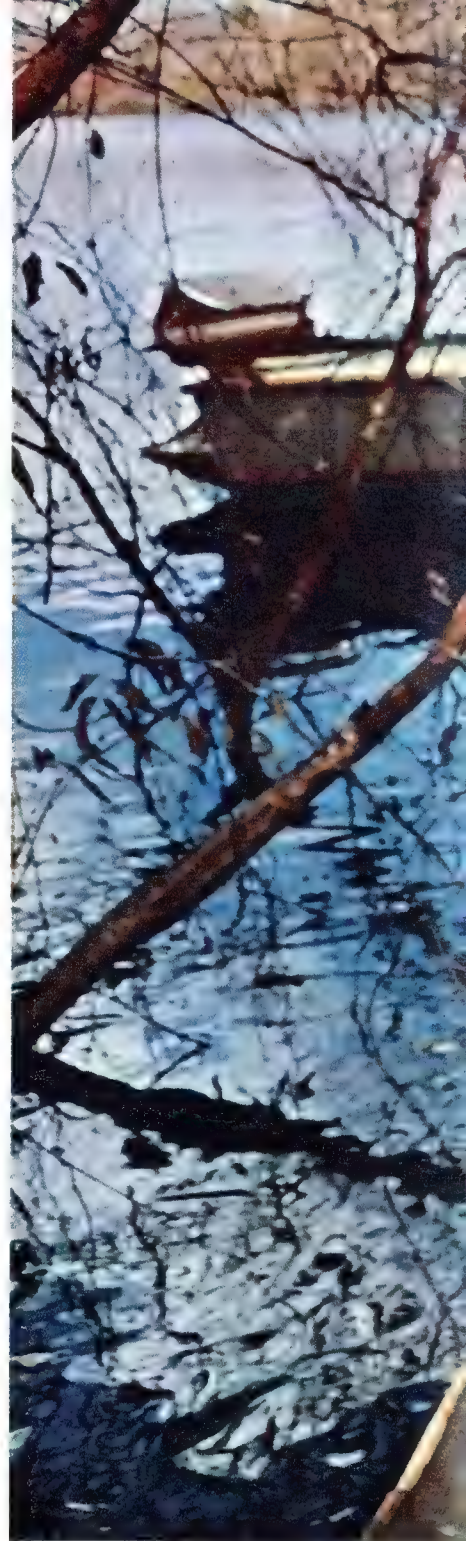
John Walsh and his helpers conduct their rescue operations on islands that are tangles of jungle and swamp. The knife-sharp edges of a tall grass called *babu nefi* cut their skins, and the thorns of the *gran mocca tayre* vine raise infected welts. Ticks and malaria-bearing mosquitoes operate in swarms. Poisonous bushmaster snakes crawl through the undergrowth. Walsh has almost been bitten three times by the snakes, and he whacked the head off one as it was just about to strike one of his crew. It was 10 feet long with 1½ inch fangs. Every time a man steps into the water, he risks being attacked by flesh-eating piranha fish. So far the only casualty has been one of the hunting dogs, eaten by an anaconda. The natives attribute their luck to the religious medal Walsh wears and look on him with huge respect.

They have also come to respect what he is doing. At first they did not understand the point of saving the animals. Why, they wondered, capture them alive if you don't intend to eat them? Then one day they spotted two opossums they had rescued the day before. When the opossums saw the boat, they sat up on their haunches and watched. "*Lokou gwamba*" ("Look at the animals"), a Bush Negro shouted to Walsh. "*Gwamba say tank you*—*gwamba say tank you but you no hear. Only God hear gwamba.*"



DAZED OCELOT. Walsh gingerly eases an armful of ocelot out of the water. It had been treed by dogs, shot with a tranquilizer gun, then lassoed by several of Walsh's Bush Negroes.

DRENCHED PORCUPINE. Half-drowned, but too prickly to pick up, a prehensile-tailed porcupine (right) is slowly hauled into a dugout on a stick with a rubberized loop on end.



SPUNKY ANTEATER. A three-toed anteater is coaxed to safety by Walsh (right) who spotted it trying to keep above water, and

tempted it to climb aboard the paddle. Once in boat, it clawed briefly at rescuer, then curled up in resignation and went to sleep.







ORPHANS OF THE FLOOD. A baby three-toed sloth clings in terror to its dead mother's body (*left*). As waters gradually rose, the mother had wrapped herself around a large stump sticking above water and thus managed to keep her baby alive and nourished until she herself died. Below, a red howler monkey hangs on to life by clutching the end of a half-submerged log.



The Grim Dilemma in Vietnam



In Vietnam, flag-draped coffins in which lay the battered bodies of American youths were solemnly loaded aboard airplanes for the journey home. Tense-faced volunteers fought a mysterious fire in an army ordnance depot. The dead hand of a Vietcong saboteur protruded from the rubble of the ruin he had wrought. And (*following pages*) American and Vietnamese pilots were striking back—with an increasing but restrained vigor—against ever-bolder Red attacks.

All the world sensed that the Communist attempt to take over South Vietnam could explode into a major war, yet none of the great powers involved—the U.S., Communist China or Soviet Russia—talked or behaved with bellicose toughness: the problem confronting them all, apparently, was how *not* to fight without losing face. From the American standpoint, South Vietnam could not be abandoned to Communists from within or without because all of Southeast Asia, and eventually even Australia and New Zealand, would then be doomed or endangered. With surrender and full-scale war equally unacceptable, the obvious answer seemed to be negotiated peace, and in Washington unofficial discussion of a settlement broadened.

But a settlement was easier to talk about than achieve. "Negotiate with whom?" U.S. officials asked privately. If Red China, Russia and North Vietnam were all disposed to guarantee the "neutrality" of a pacified Vietnam, could they guarantee that the Vietcong would accept a peace which did not give it control of South Vietnam's government? And even without help from China and North Vietnam, the Vietcong could probably fight on indefinitely.

But if Peking, Hanoi and Moscow are unlikely to be able to control their own partisans, there is equal uncertainty on the anti-Communist side: even a hint that the U.S. was willing to negotiate, Washington fears, might topple whatever makeshift government sits uneasily in Saigon.

The prognosis is that the war will drag on, because neither side can afford a bigger war, or figure a way to end the small one.

AMERICAN DEAD. After plane-side service in which South Vietnamese general pinned medals on flags, coffins of U.S. soldiers killed in attack at Pleiku are put aboard plane for home.



HAND OF THE VIETCONG. U.S. soldiers dig for bodies in bombed barracks (*left*) at Quinhon. Hand (*above*) is that of a member of the Vietcong suicide squad that set off the blast.



FIRE IN SAIGON. Volunteers (*below*) fight blaze that destroyed part of an army ordnance depot. The city is nervous, but no one could be sure that Vietcong sabotage caused this fire.





AMERICAN JETS. In a striking photograph symbolic of restrained U.S. power, two F-102s thunder up from

base at Da Nang, 350 miles north of Saigon. With two retaliatory strikes behind them, they are ready to repeat.

VIETNAMESE FIGHTERS. Standing before bomb-heavy, prop-driven Sky-raider, Vietnam's air chief, Nguyen

Cao Ky, briefs his pilots for raid. In combat, South Vietnamese fly only prop planes, are protected by U.S. jets.



Israel's Perplexing Integration Problem



Saturday afternoon in Israel finds Sabbath-observing Jews in a time-honored tableau: the family gathered around the table following the father's return from the synagogue. Then of all times are the differences that returned exiles have brought to Israel from their many lands least noticeable. But differences there are, differences extremely embarrassing to a democracy pledged by the Law of Return to welcome all Jews and committed to equality of opportunity for all. For the Perl family above, who came last summer from Eastern Europe, and the

Vagnins at right, who came from North Africa at the same time, illustrate a disparity between European and Afro-Asian immigrants that has posed for Israel an integration problem with disturbing parallels to that of the Negro in the U.S. The Perls, with three of the four members of the family working, already have a \$135 radio. Mr. Vagnin is sole breadwinner of his family of eight and the Jewish Agency had to contribute \$16 for the family's Sabbath dinner. The dimensions of the problem and how Israel is meeting it are illustrated on the following pages.

Photographed for LIFE
International
by MARILYN SILVERSTONE

FROM EUROPE. Mr. and
Mrs. Philip Perl and daughters
Rifka, 13, left, and Sara, 15,
relax in their home in Metulla.



FROM AFRICA. Mr. and Mrs.
Moshe Vagnin and their chil-
dren, 5 to 15, enjoy Sabbath
in their Qiryat Shmoneh home.



CONTINUED

Two immigrant streams whole cultures apart

Even before the ship has docked, the processing of the immigrants begins—and so do the headaches. The Jewish Agency's Absorption Department sets up shop on shipboard and assigns the new arrivals to the cities and towns which will be their new homes. Since established cities cannot absorb the inflow, most immigrants are assigned to new towns in the hinterlands. These new communities are not all equally attractive, of course. Some, like Camelia (*below*) in the undeveloped Galil region, are remote from culture centers, have little apparent reason for being and offer their new citizens small hope of increasing their earning power. And since the Sephardic Jews—who include those from North Africa and Asia—are predominantly tillers of the soil without the education and technological skills of their brethren from Europe—called the Ashkenazim—it is increasingly the Sephardim who are sent to Israel's Camelias.

As word of this got around, relatives of arriving immigrants took to boarding ship and telling their kin to refuse assignment to new towns thought to be undesirable. Great confusion resulted, but not many immigrants could afford to hold out; only in the new developments can they get housing free or at nominal rents. When the liner *Flaminia* landed with the newcomers pictured here, the authorities kept their families away from them until processing was complete, and the move out to the towns went off without a hitch. Each of the arriving immigrants gets five Israeli pounds (there are three to a U.S. dollar) and the head of a family gets ten. The newcomers may sign chits for beds, stoves, furniture and whatever other household equipment they need. Unlike immigrants from Europe and the West, the Sephardim are allowed to bring in duty-free any items they own which are expensive in Israel, such as refrigerators.

NEW LAND. Like most of his fellow passengers on the *Flaminia*, a bearded North African Jew gazes raptly at Israel's shore.

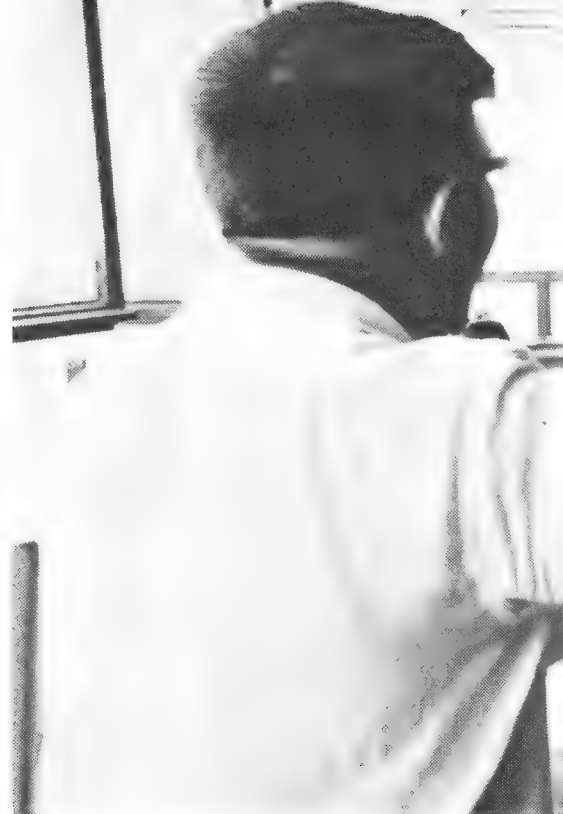


NEW START. At a shipboard processing desk, immigrants discuss housing and allowances with a Jewish Agency worker.

NEW TOWN. The immigrant community of Camelia, on stony Galil plain, is one criticized as lacking real reason for being.







EATERS. Pupils in "long day" school at Qiryat Shmoneh, including Vagnins, eat hot lunch, served free or at nominal cost.

ADULTS. In front row of class of mixed origin at Qiryat Shmoneh *Ulpan* are a girl from Morocco and two from Bombay.

YOUNGSTERS. Children of big Afro-Asian families in a Qiryat Gat housing project assure increasing school population.



LEARNERS. Two bright Sephardic pupils at integrated Karmit boarding school volunteer in class. Teaching is in Hebrew.

Israel's answer to everything: more education



The ability to earn and the ability to learn go hand in hand in Israel. The knowledge that the two are twins is ingrained in immigrants from Europe, but to instill love of learning in the unprepared and often undernourished Sephardic youngsters pouring into the immigrant settlements is a difficult and complicated task. Israel is tackling it with energy and imagination. In predominantly Sephardic new towns such as Qiryat Shmoneh, where the Vagnins live (typically, the Perls moved out promptly after being sent there), there are "long day" schools, where children get hot lunches and extra study help parents can't give them. Gifted immigrant children, particularly non-Europeans, get state scholarships to better secondary schools, such as the integrated Karmit boarding school outside Jerusalem. Even educated adults go to school: many study Hebrew in *Ulpanim*, five-month, full-time live-in schools.



Two forces that are striving to make many peoples one



ENLIGHTENMENT. Jewish Agency Officer Pivke beams as Eliahu Cohen and his wife show off their son Simon.



DISCIPLINE. Sergeant Major Hazi chews out recruits on drill ground at the army's main classification center.

Two of the most powerful instruments for immigrant education, which the state hopes will lead to more examples of integration like the scene at far right, are the Jewish Agency, typified by the shirt-sleeved officer on his rounds above, and the army, personified by Regimental Sergeant Major Ovadiah Hazi, a colorful British army veteran famous for his use of discipline "to make people *citizens*." There is a saying that "the Agen-

cy is the immigrant's father and mother." The Agency man above, Officer Pivke, had for instance won the deep gratitude of the Eliahu Cohens in Otsem, a village of settlers from Africa's Atlas Mountains. The Cohens, who had had and lost three babies, said a devil shared their house and they wanted to leave Otsem. Pivke found them another house, persuaded them to see and heed a doctor; now there is a lusty Cohen named Simon.



INTEGRATION. In their garden in Rosh Ein, Shalom and Zivia Yeud stand with son Israel, whom they brought at 12 from Yemen in 1949, Argentine-born daughter-in-law Esther and granddaughter Deganit, 1.

CONTINUED

BULLETS IN A HAIFA BAR BLEW THE LID OFF

by MARLIN LEVIN

TIME-LIFE Correspondent

One muggy July evening in 1959 a drunken stevedore threw a couple of bottles at some policemen who were trying to subdue him in a bar in Israel's port city of Haifa. They drew pistols and wounded him in the legs. The shots were heard immediately throughout the slum called Wadi Salib. Word whipped along that the stevedore, a North African Jewish immigrant, had been killed. He hadn't, but the cork was out of the bottle and next day modern-minded, democratic Israel had its first taste of an Oriental riot. Down rattled shop-front iron shutters, up went "Murder by the Police" signs, out came marchers, recent immigrants from Morocco screaming "Praise to the Sultan." Vehicles were overturned, shops smashed and looted. The police were tolerant. Fifteen persons were hurt, 13 from the constabulary. The Wadi Salib riot touched off similar displays in other parts of Israel that hot, humid summer. The end finally came with September's school bells and Israel has seen nothing like it since. Fortunately for Israel, government officials, politicians, educators and sociologists did not dismiss Wadi Salib as a summer squall. The slum's name still hangs over them menacingly, for Wadi Salib, says Jerusalem sociologist Samuel Eisenstadt, remains in the back of everyone's mind as a symbol of Israel's still unsolved problem of integrating masses of uneducated, unskilled, illiterate Jews from Asia and Africa.

Israel has other problems. The cases of Rina Eitani, the daughter of a Jewish father and a Protestant mother, who suffered as a Jew in the Warsaw ghetto under the Nazis, and Father Daniel, an apostate Jew who became a Catholic priest, have underscored the need to settle legally once and for all the old question: what is a Jew? Also pressing is the quarrel with Bonn over the cutting off of German armaments. And, of course, Israel must still worry about the eternal threat of Egypt which, though part of the Bonn headache, is certain to outlast it. But the danger of the integration problem to the nation, says elder statesman David Ben-Gurion, is "graver than all the threats of Nasser to destroy Israel."

When Israel was founded in 1948 only one fourth of its tiny population had come from Asian and African countries. The leaders were and still are the zealous socialist Zionists from Poland and Russia who had pioneered the land from the beginning of the century. Then in the first four years of economically poor Israel's new nationhood 70 percent of its immigrants surged in from Near Eastern countries. Yemenite Jews came in planes which they assumed to be the Bible-promised "eagles' wings." Jews came from caves in the Atlas Mountains, from the island of Djerba, from wild Kurdistan. They doubled Israel's population in a thousand days. Temporarily they were housed in tent cities, shacks, transient camps. Finally the nation built them apartments in farming areas. Each family got two small rooms, a tiny kitchen, a lavatory and a plot of ground. They got clothes too, but the Kurdistanis generally sold them and dressed in government-issued blankets and sheets. Atlas Mountain parents put their children to bed in the bathtub and Djerba immigrants found it fun to do the wash in the toilet bowl. They all cooked in the stall showers. When a physician in Eilat showed a group of Oriental immigrants a film on the danger of houseflies, his audience had a grand time. "Doctor, we cannot take this film seriously," said one man. "Those flies on the screen are big big animals. Ours at home are tiny things that don't carry any disease." Old-time Israelis started to wonder whether these Jews were really "their" people. Said Ben-Gurion "There is no hereditary difference in the abilities of Jews from various continents. During the Middle Ages, Oriental Jewry held aloft the banner of Judaism, developed its poetry, philosophy and doctrines—a role formerly filled by the Jews of Babylon. But the Jews, like all other peoples, cannot escape the influence of those among whom they live. In recent centuries Jews in Islamic countries have lived in a society that was backward, corrupt, uneducated and lacking in independence and self-respect, and the damage done over hundreds of years cannot be repaired in a day."

Flung from their patriarchal, clannish environment into a highly competitive Westernized technocracy, Oriental Jews found themselves confused, frustrated and finally demanding equality in that

society. Finding they had neither the training nor the aptitude to enjoy the fruits of modern Israel, they cried and still cry "Discrimination!" But is it discrimination or deprivation? Whatever the problem, it was not born in Israel but it is Israel's to solve and since Wadi Salib the young nation is doing it bravely, if at times falteringly.

Seen objectively, the problem of the two Israels is enough to give the most experienced sociologist pause. Here are two and a half million people from 102 countries speaking 81 languages. Essentially they come from two worlds: Occident and Orient. Of all Israeli illiterates, 86 percent were born in Oriental countries and nearly half of the Afro-Asian Jews in Israel never saw the inside of a classroom. Although Israel's population is roughly divided half and half, in professional and scientific life there are five of European and American birth to every one of Afro-Asian origin. In the development town of Ashdod the division is precise: the engineers are of European extraction while the unskilled laborers are Oriental. Therefore the average gross income of the Afro-Asian Jewish worker in Israel is little more than half that of his European counterpart. Delinquency among Orientals is high too: 23 offenders per 1,000 among North Africans against four per 1,000 among Israelis of European origin.

But could this be the result of discrimination rather than a syndrome of deprivation? The Oriental Jew is certainly not ensnared in the same web as the southern U.S. Negro. Israeli hotels and restaurants have never refused accommodation to dark-skinned Yemenites or Moroccans, nor have they ever been segregated in schools or public conveyances. Skin color has never been a qualification for anything in Israel. But the bald fact is that Occidentals and Orientals have ghettoized. In private business, owners and managers tend to hire executives who came from their own home town or state back in Europe or speak their own dialect. The tendency of the immigrant generation of Israelis to polarize around people of their own extraction and language breaks down fast among their Israeli-born children. A British Jew will seek out a British-trained physician. An Iraqi Jew will go to an Iraqi attorney. Israeli-born don't ask and don't care.

A heartening statistic is that the number of "intermarriages"



Yemeni immigrants such as this boy and his uncle at Ramat Gan have contributed colorful folkways to Israel.

between Israeli-born children of Western and Eastern stock has climbed to 15 percent of all marriages. In reply to criticism that this percentage is not higher, one Hebrew University coed responded, "Where can we meet or mingle with Sephardi boys of our own intellectual level?" It may not be coincidence that the proportion of Oriental students in higher education is also 15 percent. Small as this proportion is, it is a big increase over the five percent of Wadi Salib days. It is even more significant since the number of students in Israeli universities has grown by 80 percent in the last five years.

Israel believes that the key to integration is education. To eliminate illiteracy among adults the government last year allocated over \$300,000 and mobilized 1,500 teachers. In charge is the one-time political secretary of ex-Premier Ben-Gurion, now director of the Department of Culture, Itzhak Navon, son of Moroccan parents. Says Navon: "First we teach them the alphabet. Then we teach them who and what they are, to identify themselves totally as Moroccans or Iraqis or whatever. When we've done that, we teach them about their Russian and Polish Jewish brothers. Once they learn to read they can learn to respect and know themselves and their fellow Jews."

If there is acknowledged discrimination in Israel today it is in education for the child of Oriental background. The state provides eight years of free compulsory schooling. To qualify for a tuition allowance in high schools, eighth-grade children take general intelligence exams. Passing grade for a child of European background is 80, for a child of Asian or African

origin 68. Once a child has passed the exams, he is entitled to tuition graded according to family income. Since incomes of Oriental families are low, their children benefit most from the state-assisted secondary-education program. Israel has also introduced free nursery schooling for children of Asian or African origin to counter the lack of intellectual stimulation at home. In elementary schools the promotion system has been revamped to require that pupils be moved up from first to second grades and seventh to eighth grades regardless of scholastic achievement. This is meant to encourage Oriental families and give them the feeling their children can progress. Extra hours have been added to the school day for thousands of Asian and African pupils to afford them supervised study periods. Special boarding schools have been opened primarily for bright Oriental children. The Education Ministry has budgeted \$13 million for a five-year "enrichment program" that will boost promising children of Afro-Asian origin.

Still the Oriental immigrant suffers from lack of basic educational facilities for the simple reason that he has been shunted away from urban areas to new farm communities and development towns. Most of Israel's new farm cooperatives called *Moshavim* and all of its new development towns in Galilee and in the Negev wasteland have been populated by Eastern Jews. They are not forced into these but, unable economically to move on their own, must take what they can get.

In the way of housing they are getting plenty these days. Israel spends more on housing than any other item in the budget except defense: about \$170 million a year. Since 1948 more than a half-million housing units have gone up—and of these the government, through its Housing Ministry, has sponsored two thirds. Says the Housing Ministry's director general, David Tanne, "We do not differentiate between immigrants in allotting housing. Theoretically there is no discrimination." The trouble is that North African immigrants average almost five members to a family while East European immigrants average less than three, and so while both immigrant families get same-size apartments the Oriental family will soon complain because its increasing brood needs more room. With fewer mouths to feed, the European family is able to save for better housing and in relatively short time can move to larger quarters. At this point Orientals begin charging discrimination. Furthermore, Europeans normally come to Israel with

skills and professions that are useless on farms and must thus be settled in cities, and this adds to the Orientals' chagrin. There is a story about a Polish plumber who was settled in Lower Galilee and given a job picking cotton. After one week he was off to Tel Aviv where he set up shop. His North African neighbors then clamored to be moved to Tel Aviv. It was difficult to convince them they had no skills that would be of use there.

Tanne admits that until 1952 immigrant housing was shoddy. Israel could not afford then to provide more than 320-sq.-ft. apartments. In those days 70 percent of immigrants were Orientals. Today, with things looking up, the Ministry is building 550-sq.-ft. flats. Oriental families are getting special treatment. The veterans are turning over old flats for bigger ones. Last year 8,000 families in development towns were transferred. New and large immigrant families get double flats. In the development areas Israel is also building industry. Since 1960 the economy has been so good there that the number of families who have left for big urban areas has dropped from 30 per 100 to 15. Altogether only 30 percent of immigrants are directed to the Tel Aviv and Haifa areas. Half are Europeans with skills and half are unskilled Orientals too old for the rough life in the country.

Tanne is optimistic about integration. "Thirty years ago our biggest integration problem was East European Jews versus West European Jews," he says. "But now you don't hear about that any more. In another two generations you won't hear about the Occidental versus Oriental problem either. We will be one people."

In this era of overemployment, when Israel is even short on unskilled labor, the Oriental has no trouble finding work. It is encouraging that the rate of increase of his personal income is 34 percent annually while for the population as a whole it has been 29 percent. Ari Avner, adviser to Premier Levi Eshkol, says that the still-great disparity between the earning ability of Afro-Asians and that of Europeans is a picture of deprivation rather than of discrimination.

However much discrimination the Oriental Jew may feel in civilian life, everything changes once he is in the army. It is the military's boast that no one goes out from the army illiterate. If need be, after basic training a draftee will spend much of his career in army schools. The aim of the armed forces is to bring every soldier up to the eighth-grade level. About 20 percent of the men and women now inducted into the service are below that level. Ben-Gurion's oft-expressed desire to see a Yemenite chief of staff is

still unachieved but the number of Oriental noncoms is growing by about three percent a year. It takes a high degree of specialized skill to be a noncom in Israel's army, so this gives Orientals a sense of equality. Says one education officer, "In the army we all wear the same clothes, eat the same food, curse the same officers. When a man hits the dirt on the obstacle course he sees that the Oriental or Ashkenazi beside him is biting the same dust. We don't follow the policy of some armies of breaking a man and then building him up. We take a man to develop him."

Toward that end Israel's army offers its men full secondary-school education while in uniform, and for the especially bright Orientals who come from poor families it provides a university education. Once a soldier has been demobilized the chances are that if he is of European origin his family will see that he continues his education. But if he is not he will feel obliged to take a job to support his family. It is at that point, after feeling equal in the army, that he begins to mutter about discrimination. Says Culture Department head Navon, "The psychological problem of the Oriental is most difficult to beat. He tends to identify his class with the land of his birth. To cover up, a Moroccan will say he's French. A Kurdistani will claim to be Iraqi. The Moroccan and the Kurdistani must know that they too have contributed to Judaism and the state. They too must have a feeling of pride."

The trouble is, according to North African engineer Eli Kenan, 28, that when Europeans came to Israel they came not only with their skills but also with their leadership. "North Africans who have come to Israel," says Kenan, "were accompanied neither by their middle class and rich nor by their communal leaders. Only the poor and unlettered immigrated. Leaderless, they drifted." Kenan has organized a group of 100 university students from North Africa who have been studying in France to migrate to Israel. The Israeli government is giving them \$2,000 scholarships to continue their studies here.

"We Eastern Jews," says Kenan, "have never felt as a people apart from Western Jewry. It's nonsense to claim as does Kalman Katznelson [a right-wing journalist] that there are hereditary ethnic traits making us unequal. Objectively Katznelson is of no importance. But he is a symptom of a disease that is disturbing the body of Israel. Part of the cure is to bring more educated leadership to the Oriental Jew."

In 1948 Israel numbered little

more than 600,000, just about the same number that followed Moses out of Egypt. Since then twice that many immigrants have been absorbed although not wholly integrated. "The Return of the Exiles" has given flavor to the nation. Because they have come from so many nations and speak so many tongues, Israel is a nation of a dozen political parties, of more than 20 daily newspapers printed in 10 languages. Its state-owned radio station broadcasts programs also in 10 languages. Israeli food is not Jewish food. Orientals brought their highly seasoned *felafel*, *humus* and *tachina*, their *bourgel* and *kuba*—dishes European Jews had never heard of. Yet "Oriental" restaurants abound today so that in most towns of Israel European Jewish cooking is a rarity. Dress of Oriental Jews has been stylized into new Israeli fashions. Yemenite jewelry and textiles woven with gold and silver thread by women of North Africa have become major Israeli exports. In a burgeoning film industry the nation's biggest feature-length hit has been *Salah Shabati*, the story of an Oriental immigrant family and their first days of integration. The film won awards at San Francisco's film festival. In a thousand small ways Oriental Jews have added mannerisms, folk songs, humor, and colloquialisms to Israel's culture.

Says Premier Levi Eshkol, "We must build our common culture both by means of our attachment to the ancient cultural stratum that is common to all of us and by drawing from the finest traditions of Israel's tribes both in their separateness and in their unity."

Assisted by army girls and social worker (foreground), a North African family with nine children debarks.





Behind the coal dust, a bright proud face of Wales: miner Austin Baber

THE WELSHMAN

IN THE FIERY LOVE FOR HIS OWN LAND,
NO HATRED FOR ANOTHER FINDS A PLACE

by JAMES MORRIS

When Henry Morgan the buccaneer savaged the Spaniards of Porto Bello; when Richard Burton the actor swept off her stiletto heels the Cleopatra of our time; when H. M. Stanley mouthed the preposterous inquiry "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?"; when Ivor Novello set a nation mooning to *Glamorous Nights*; when Dylan Thomas soliloquized beneath Milk Wood; when Lloyd George bilowed into Versailles in clouds of cloak and rhetoric; when Frank Lloyd Wright proposed

to build, as a last glorious effrontery, a skyscraper a mile high—when all these famous men behaved in these memorably characteristic ways, they were honoring a common inheritance. The pirate, the poet, the explorer, the statesman, the architect and the two matinee idols all had their roots in one small and insignificant corner of Britain, a rain-swept, hilly little place, the very nook or alcove of an island: Wales.

They were men of disparate backgrounds

CONTINUED



Photographed for LIFE International by EVELYN HOFER



Ingrained in the Welsh soul like coal in Welsh soil: a love of bands and music

'Dark, dreamy and aloof'

THE WELSHMAN CONTINUED

and accomplishments, but to them all there was a flare of something dangerously close to romance. It was liable to degenerate into cruelty (Morgan was a horror), or mawkishness (Novello could make a spaniel squirm), or deceit (Lloyd George was not above selling honors for his party funds), or mere verbosity (Thomas' ungovernable weakness). It was, however, in them all, a sign of virile

originality. Wales has not been a sovereign entity for seven centuries, but the national ethos of the place has powerfully survived, and no blood strain is more resilient than the florid but energetic heritage of the Welsh. One Welshman can usually tell another, and this is not necessarily because either looks Welsh, or acts Welsh, let alone speaks Welsh, but simply because both *are* Welsh: the Welsh are one of those peoples, like the Jews and the Venetians, who do not depend

for their character upon language, culture, environment or religion, but only upon history and blood.

The Welshman has Celtic origins, and he often looks like the popular conception of the Celt—dark, dreamy and aloof. He is seldom a patrician: if he is handsome, he is handsome in a rather coarse or blowsy way. His style is seldom authoritative—he has more often been a guerrilla than a divisional commander—and his demeanor is often diffident. Watch him as he enters the bar, buys his pint of beer and settles alone in a corner. He is a smallish, stocky man, and beneath his trousers, which incline to bagginess, his legs are very likely bandy. The expression on his face, as he lifts his tankard, is one of self-conscious wariness, as though he not only expects some hostility, but is rather looking forward to it. He is not at all an elegant figure. His dark hair is tousled, his eyebrows are bushy, his prominent nose has tufts of hair in its nostrils. A handkerchief half-tumbles out of his breast pocket. His tie is askew. The evening paper under his arm is folded tattily at the racing results.

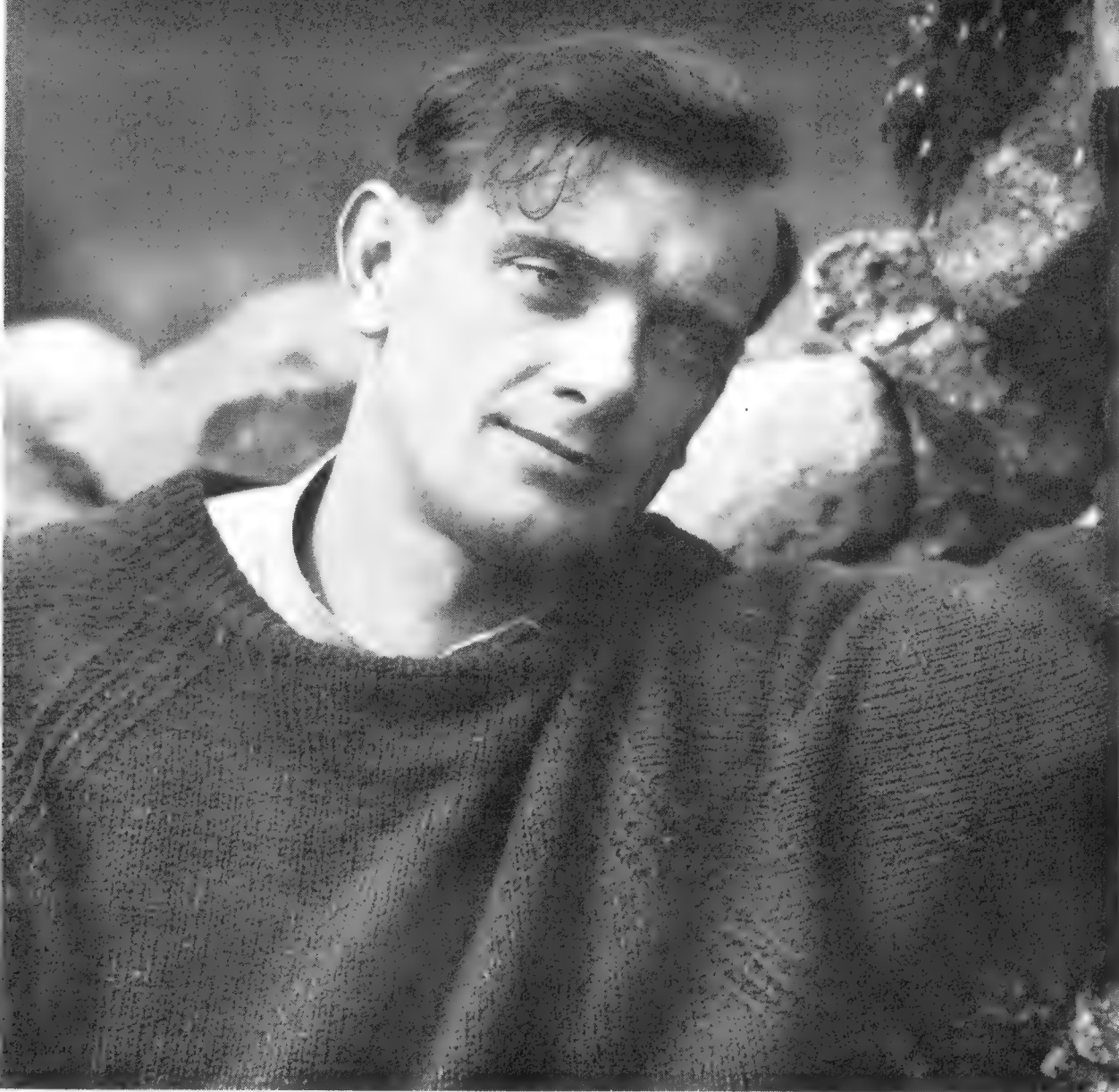
He emanates, all the same, an animal fascination—the kind of curious allure an elderly badger exerts, if ever you see his shaggy form plodding silently through the wood at daybreak. Though often sweaty and often plump, our Welshman is not a prosaic figure. He does not look a bore. He is not absorbed, blank and unprotesting, by his background. He looks like a man on his own. And when, a moment later, he catches sight of a friend, the smile that illuminates his face is unexpectedly sweet, his eyes gleam with a promise of comedy, and in the gentlest of singsong lilts, like a Bengali politician, you hear him ask: "How are you then, boy? What d'you fancy, then?"

Welsh roots are very strong, and whether this archetypal figure is buying his beer in London, Sydney or Philadelphia, he is likely to feel a nagging attachment to his homeland—nothing so vulgar as the Scotsman's professional nostalgia, but still all too likely, at maudlin moments of reminder, to start him weeping in his cups. Welsh songs, the principal expression of popular Welshness, are mostly concerned not with Welsh men, women or events, but with Wales itself—*Land of My Fathers, There'll Be a Welcome on the Hillsides*, and other such perennial Sunday-evening tear-jerkers. This is perhaps because it really is a very beautiful little country. And although Wales is a mere 200 miles from London, it feels physically separate from England, its great neighbor to the east—its grass a subtly different green, its moors wilder, its hills higher, and a sense of alien remoteness in its landscapes.

Its very smallness helps. If you squashed it a bit at the sides you could get the whole



The mountains of Snowdonia brood over the mists of Llanberis Lake.



Olympic steeplechase star John Disley spends weekends climbing in his Welsh mountains.



Myfanwy Williams weaves in a mill.

of it into the State of Maryland, and there are more people in Djakarta or Los Angeles than there are in the whole of Wales. It is not, however, an easy country to get about. A muddled mass of high ground—some impressive enough to be called mountainous—occupies most of it, its ribs running this way and that, crisscross and diagonally, in such complicated patterns that there is scarcely a straight road in the country, and the traveler must often start his journey in the opposite direction to the one he eventually hopes to pursue. No direct railways run from north to south, and few roads. The capital, Cardiff, is on the south coast, and if people from North Wales want to go there, they must travel via England—just as the most convenient center for Welsh national conferences is the English city of Shrewsbury. All this means that Wales remains a place of small and self-sufficient communities—or of no communities at all. In the south the great coal fields of the Rhondda feed the ports of Cardiff, Swansea and Newport: in all the rest of Wales, there is not a proper city. The Welsh do not take easily to the hugging-mugger life, and their ideal is generally a farmhouse all alone, a pub within striking distance and nothing else but themselves.

This isolation, this ruggedness, this introspection and awkwardness—all make for



The day's work done, Painter John Philpott welcomes a pint in a Rhondda pub.

CONTINUED

Part shady, part funny, part beguiling

THE WELSHMAN CONTINUED

evasive shades and ripples of character. The Welshman is a creature of moods. Across his face the suspicions, the scowls and the smiles pass precisely as the clouds dapple Welsh hillsides—changing, incessantly, from gloom to sunshine. His is a high-flown country, and he himself has a weakness for the ornately mystical. Merlin was a Welshman, and the national emblem is a red dragon raising a sharp right claw and sticking out an elaborately heraldic tongue.

To the ironic English next door, so skeptical, so gimlet-eyed, Welshness has always looked a little absurd, and the Welshman has generally been a bit of a joke. Seen out of the splendors of English success, the very existence of Wales seems unnecessary, and the desire of Welshmen to remain Welsh looks just plain cranky. Shakespeare's Hotspur spoke breezily for England, when he called Owen Glendower "tedious as a tired horse," with his skimble-skamble talk of dragons, moldwarps, griffins and finless fish. One of Shakespeare's most successful comic characters was Fluellen, the stout Welsh sol-

dier, who talked in just the same hilarious Welsh dialect that figures in a thousand funny stories to this day. The Welshman has been gayed for centuries, rather as the American Negro used to be, in the days when he staggered on stage as a farcical domestic or buffoon.

But the laughter that habitually greets the Welshman is partly the nervous giggle that is a normal response to the unfamiliar—coupled in Shakespeare's case, perhaps, with dim memories of the days when the Welsh, not so far from Stratford, were lawless primitives out of the west. Wales is a strange sort of country. In its hills the moldwarp and the finless fish ring true. Its history is embedded in colorful myth and fancy—misty kingdoms of the sunset, lost cities of the sea, dragons in lakes and magical decisions on mountaintops. The Romans never altogether subdued Wales, settling in many of its valleys, driving their roads westward to the Irish Sea, but leaving the hill people well alone. The Saxons never got much farther than the foothills, and from the struggle of these western Britons against them sprang the epic legend of King Arthur and his knights, recorded first in the Four Ancient Books of Wales—the Book of Aneirin, the Book of Taliesin, the Black Book of Camarthen and the Red Book of Hergest. Heroes with outlandish names glorify the old Welsh chronicles—Gruffydd ap Llywelyn, or Hywel Dda, or Llywelyn the Last, whose decapitated head was set in silver and stuck on the Tower of London. For the Welsh the centuries after the Norman Conquest of England were one intermittent war of survival, a dismal sequence of raids, rebellions and occupations, with the great castles of the English ominously rising from Montgomery to Harlech and the Welsh guerrillas operating from high moorland fastnesses. The Welsh never quite gave in; the hostilities ended only after two Welshmen, Henry V and Henry VII, had acceded to the throne of England.



Upper Rhondda Mining Workingmen's

Since then the Welshness of Wales has been constantly under pressure. Sometimes the English have deliberately tried to suppress it; sometimes the mere presence of England has threatened to obliterate it. Economics, politics, tourism, television, the movement of population, the decline of the old Welsh Methodist religion—all have hammered away at the personality of Wales, and tried to fuse the little country more thoroughly with the world outside. Even so, Wales has managed to remain apart, and the Welshman preserves his reputation—part shady, part funny, part beguiling. The Welsh lan-



Vernon Watkins, lecturer and poet



John Simister, hotel waiter



Lettice Rees, fisherwoman



Club meets for beer and good fellowship, for "sudden crescendos and dark rallentandos."

guage fitfully survives, so that there are still odd corners of Wales where you will hear little else but its breathy glissandos, and its rhythms have sometimes influenced English poesy too; Dylan Thomas could read no Welsh, but his master Gerard Manley Hopkins could, and reproduced the magic of traditional Welsh euphony in lines like:

*I caught this morning morning's minion,
kingdom
Of daylight's dauphin, dapple-dawn drawn
Falcon, in his riding
Of the rolling level underneath him steady
air. . . .*

Weird but haunting phrases, lingering tales of ghosts and fairies, ridiculous place names like Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwllllantysilligogoch, fantasies of every kind, the tragic fascination of the Rhondda in the slump, the repeated emergence from Welsh poverty of men like Emlyn Williams and Aneurin Bevan, slag heaps, slate quarries, sheep on bare hillsides, fiery Calvinism in gray chapels, inspired demagogues, dotty bards, the faint echo of harps and the open-throated fervor of male-voice choirs—all these things, supported always by the blue mystery of those western hills,

have kept the idea of Wales a little mysterious still although the Kings of Wales have long been laid beneath their cromlechs and even the wizards are hard to identify.

Like most such indistinct reputations, the Welsh legend is streaked with suspicion. "Taffy was a Welshman," says the old tag, "Taffy was a thief." The Welshman is often distrusted, and with reason. All my own life I have struggled with the impulse to tell small, generally harmless and always unnecessary lies: and whenever nowadays I feel one of these purposeless falsehoods coming on—I am on the brink of telling my wife I had beef for lunch when I really had mutton—whenever these instinctive deceptions come wriggling into my mind, I recognize the old Welsh strain in me and tell it to keep down, boy, down there out of sight.

For, above all, the Welshman is an awful liar—or rather, *half-liar*. The Big Lie does not attract him. His is a passive rather than an active form of mendacity, and it is in petty evasions, slurs and embellishments that he excels. Nobody can tell a story better than a Welshman in an inn, with his friends sensitive as sounding boards at his elbow, and his narrative shamelessly buttressed with dramatic mechanisms—long potent pauses, sudden crescendos and dark rallentandos, double meanings and false endings, tantalizing interruptions for the refilling of glasses, almost inaudibly pregnant denouements. This is one cause of his lying—his almost irrepressible gift for fiction. Another is an intense desire to please. A third is the fact that he has been, for so many centuries,

CONTINUED



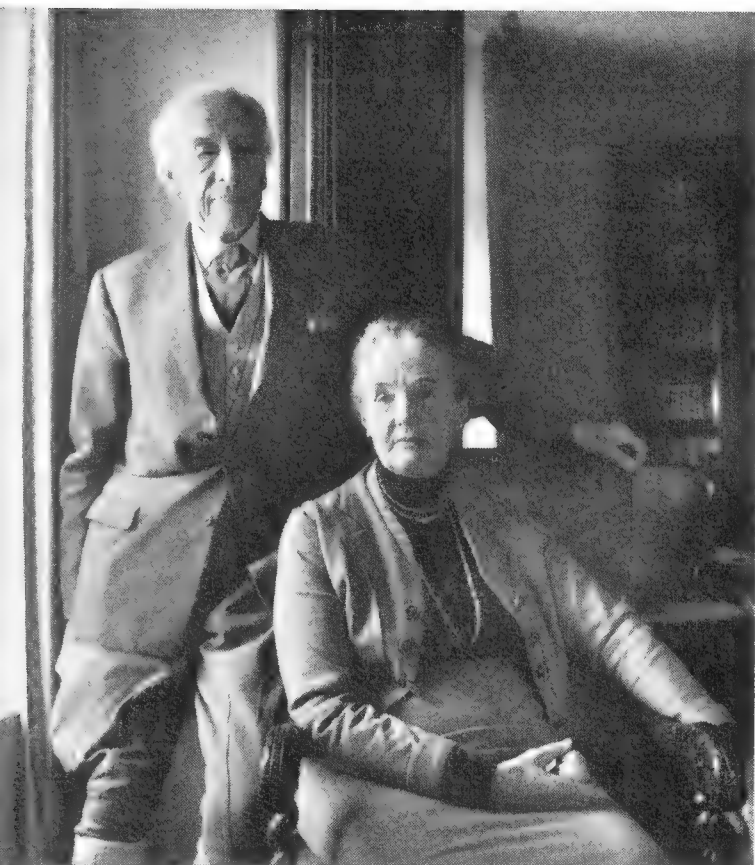
Blodwen Griffiths, chambermaid



Annie Mary Rees, housewife



Davima Williams, wool winder



Architect Clough Williams-Ellis and his wife live in a village of his own design.

A people never quite conquered

THE WELSHMAN CONTINUED

a kind of hunted man. He has always been on the defensive against more powerful alien cultures—Roman, Saxon, Norman, English and now Anglo-Euro-American. He has kept his land, his outlook and snatches of his language only by a combination of guts and slipperiness. He displays the peculiar characteristics of a people never quite conquered, but he has seldom been altogether free. He is touchy, suspicious, as prone to laughter as to pique, and plagued by a tendency towards self-pity. The Welsh have a great reputation as singers, but nothing can be much sicker than a Welsh hymn sung by a self-consciously Welsh choir on a rainy Welsh sabbath—very slow, very soulful, and nearly always flat.

There really is something laughable, too, in the assertive Welshness of the Welshman. His language, much though he likes to boast of its beauties, is practically useless. Even the literature of its classic past



Swathed in robes that hearken their Celtic past, "Druids" preside over poetry festivals.

has not, it seems, been worth translating into anything else, and nowadays few Welsh writers of talent are prepared to devote their gifts to a medium which can never find an audience of a million. The chapels, those old fortresses of evangelical pride, have contributed much to the strength of Wales; but they have also soured the country with Grundyism and smugness, and taken half the fun out of life. Welsh political radicalism, once so splendid to see in a nation of deep cultural conservatism, has turned a little silly; where once the great Welsh leaders of reform stood like prophets amid the misery, now their successors seem only to be showing off as they raise the old cries of exploitation and class warfare among the bright new cars and the television sets.

Hotspur was right. There is much skimble-skamble to the Welsh.

But there are striking qualities too—passionate qualities, charged and poetic, that

often strike grandly upon the flint of a rational age. The Welshman is a born Victorian. He loves the Olympian phrase, the purple passage, the heroic insult and the tear in the corner of the eye. The Welsh are an exceedingly emotional and erotic people, full of juice.

They have an inbred respect for learning, and nothing cuts more Welsh social ice than "a string of letters after your name." The sage has always been an honored figure in Wales, since the days when Merlin himself dispensed incantations from caves in cloud-topped hills, and an astonishing number of Evanses, Joneses and Thomases are to be found on the faculty lists of the English and American universities. Even Welsh punditry, though, is generally given a dash of extra spice by the national taste for the fantastic. It is easy to believe Thomas Jefferson, when he tells us that his forebears came from Wales, "from near the mountain of Snow-



Nationalist leader Rev. Tudor Jones edits Welsh language newspaper Y Ddraig Goch.



Composer Daniel Jones wrote symphony to honor his boyhood friend Dylan Thomas.



President of the Nationalist Party, Gwynfor Evans advocates home rule for Wales.

don"; the proliferation of his interests, his love of gadgets and surprises, his very tenderness of nature are all traits that ring true to the Welshman and make Monticello feel not so very far from Llanfairpwllgwyngyll.

The fancy does it. Imagination has led the Welshman on. The Welsh have always been adventurous sea captains and enterprising (though not always persevering) colonists. New South Wales was named by its Welsh discoverer. Large areas of South America were first settled by the Welsh. Seven presidents of the United States have claimed Welsh blood, and the first administrators of the colony of Pennsylvania were nearly all Welshmen. Eli Yale, the founder of Yale University, was Welsh. The *Mayflower's* commander was a Captain Jones, and there used to be an active school of theorists who maintained that the American continent was first discovered by the Welshman named Madoc (though cynics believe that its proponents have mixed him up with Merlin himself, who once went to sea with 10 bards in a house made of glass). All over the English-speaking world politicians of Welsh origin are still enthusiastically practicing a style of rhetoric now unfashionable at the hustings—the spellbinder's rhetoric, reverberating, heart-rending and aghast.

To every Welsh moment, a touch of mid-summer night. The Welshman is not so much an entertainer as an enchanter. You may resist him at first, but gradually he will wear you down—with a maze of fancies and adjectives, a lulling of intonation, and every now and then a sudden bludgeon stroke of unexpected logic, such as some peasant soldier might have delivered with his spiked club through the flap of the negotiation tent. Paradox, as you might suppose, is very pop-



The Welsh poetry of Archdruid Cynan has won him three crowns and chair he sits in.

A livelihood from pasture, mine and sea

THE WELSHMAN CONTINUED

ular among the Welsh. In Thomas Love Peacock's novel *The Misfortunes of Elfin*, the hero is rash enough to complain to the Welsh prince, Seithenyn ap Seithyn Saidi, that the great embankment protecting his kingdom is rotting in places. "The parts that are rotting," replies that Welshman sagely, "give elasticity to those that are sound; they give them elasticity, elasticity, elasticity. If it were all sound, it would break by its own obstinate stiffness; the soundness is checked by the rottenness, and the stiffness is balanced by the elasticity." And there, in a single funny speech, the Welshman is epitomized—intonation and all.

Can he, elastic or not, survive? His nation, I fear, will not: that pride of lore and language will decline, those lonely hill farms will be less lonely soon, industries will sprout in that lovely landscape, and a culture that is common to half the world will eventually swamp a culture shared only by a couple of million Celts—half of them apathetic to its values anyway. Already less than a fourth of the inhabitants of Wales speak Welsh, and the attempt to revive the language in the schools arouses as much scorn as enthusiasm. Already the standard influences of the television age are making large parts of Wales much more like anywhere else; while the parts that are left, with bad communications and no hope of industrial development, are gradually going silent and stagnant as the young people run away to the cities. In the end they will serve only as havens for hermits, eccentrics and escapist authors.

The Welsh nation is almost sure to fade; the Welsh language is slowly withering; but the Welshman is indestructible. He may become harder to define, as he compounds his intermarriages abroad, but his strain will always be unmistakable. There is a glint to his eye, a measure to his speech and a randiness to his appetites that make both his style and his seed immensely potent. A century from now, I do not doubt, that man with the tie askew will still walk bandy-legged into that bar, will still eye you with a shifty sidelong survey and answer your greeting with an ingratiating courtesy. And before the evening is out, then as now, he will possibly have ravished you, probably have charmed you, conceivably have composed a poem in your honor, and almost certainly have told you an altogether meaningless pack of romantic falsehoods. Up with the mold-warp! The finless fish forever!



In dark Glamorgan mines, Welshmen dig the coal that for centuries kindled British power.



In airy Caernarvon pastures, shepherds tend smaller but stronger sheep than England's.

At low tide on the Carmarthen coast, fishwives gather cockles from the wet sand.



Youngest Chefs in Paris



Assigned to buy vegetables for cooking class, Catherine Manillier, 5½, closes deal in the market.

While kindergarten children in other parts of the world are stringing beads or cutting paper dolls, four- and five-year-olds in Paris' Ecole Maternelle Stéphane-Pichon are often concocting a three- or four-course meal—replete with hors d'oeuvres and a rich dessert of *gâteau maison*. The Ecole is a pilot school for developing new teaching methods which, if successful, may be introduced into other French public schools. Its kindergarten cookery is a success indeed. The children plan their meal (they ask their mothers for ideas, recipes) and shop in the market (each is given a definite assignment). They decorate the menus and prepare and cook a classic Gallic lunch. One recent *pièce de résistance* was roast beef with rice in tomato sauce cooked with smoked lard. In these photographs, the children are preparing a menu of freshly squeezed orange juice; *crudités*, including mushrooms *vinaigrette*, and diced beets and carrots; and, that children's favorite the world over, roast chicken with French fried potatoes. When it came to choosing a salad, the class vote was deadlocked between lettuce and escarole. They prepared both.



Chicken-buyer Patrick Sauvage (above, left center) is fascinated by the evisceration of his fowls.

Pascal Bouzzino wields a mean potato-peeler while Véronique Chabert carefully slices tomatoes.



Assisted by teacher, Mme. Spohn, the toddling chefs button up their kitchen aprons in tandem.





Preparing for cake-baking class, Marie Hélène Guy cleans lemon-rind grater.



Claudine Lucas, 5, concentrates on brushing cake mold with melted butter.

Beating air into the eggs is as much fun as any other noisy, splashing game.



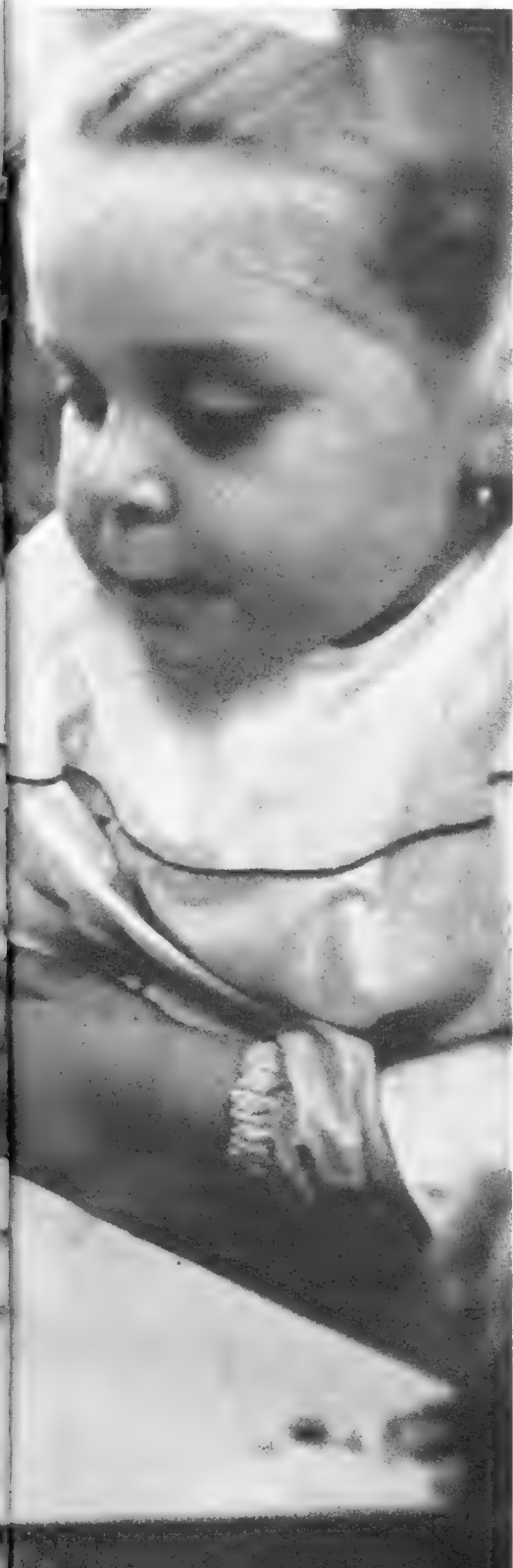
'Un Gâteau Maison'

The cooking class in the Stéphane-Pichon kindergarten, says school director Yvette Ferry, is "not to make cooks" but to confront the children with an array of practical problems—planning, shopping, learning weights and measures. They work in a miniature kitchen full of tiny stoves and sinks such as might have been devised by Alice in Wonderland. In these photographs, the fledgling gastronomes are whipping up a sponge cake in the form of a sun with rays. The school may disclaim an intent "to make cooks," but visitors wonder whether even the grimacing toddler below might not some day be *chef* at the Tour d'Argent.



Tasting as they work, the children show no sign of fearing that too many cooks spoil the batter.

Patrick Benoit ices the cake (*left*) while his classmates watch with varying degrees of approval.

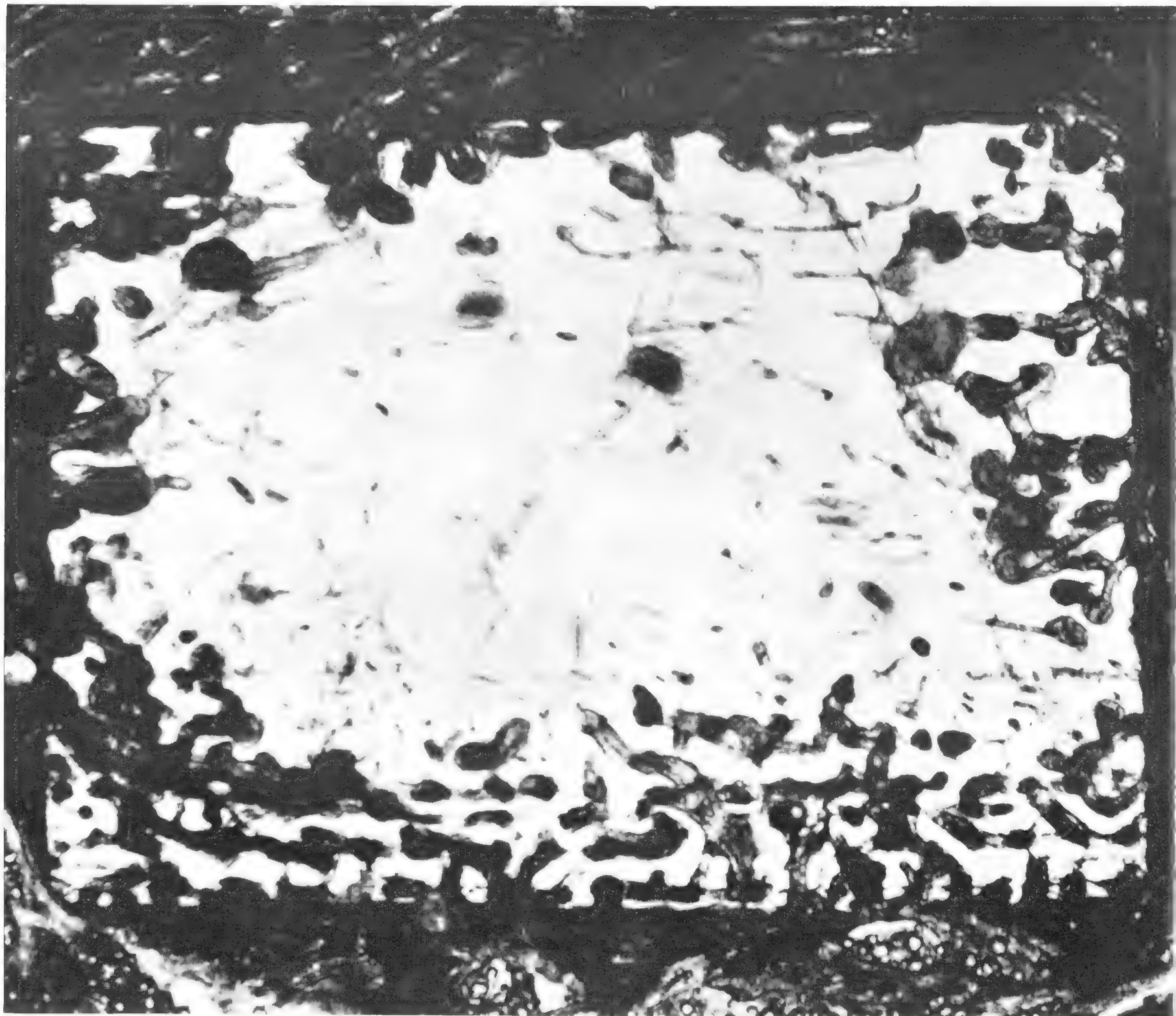


Day's work done, 5-year-old Sylvie Colas enjoys the pleasure of making your cake and eating it too.



CALF BONES THAT REBUILD PEOPLE'S

Calf bone is processed in surgical cleanliness. Below, microscopic cross section of graft in dog shows blood vessels entering the porous calf bone.



MEDICINE

The technician pictured at work at the extreme left is stripping flesh from the leg bone of a calf—the first step of a new process that enables surgeons to repair defective or fractured human bones with pieces which have been cut from the bones of animals.

It was some 150 years ago that doctors figured out how to graft bone, and ever since they have been plagued by a shortage of the essential material. Most often, because the body tends to reject foreign substances, they preferred to quarry the needed bone from the patient himself. In cases where this was not feasible, they have had to rely upon live donors, who understandably are hard to come by, or more frequently, upon bone banks of skeletal parts taken from human cadavers. Because of technical and legal difficulties, however, most hospitals have had trouble maintaining adequate bone banks.

The calf bone technique, which will dramatically solve the problem of supply, was developed by the Squibb Institute for Medical Research at New Brunswick, New Jersey and has been given official approval by the U.S. Food and Drug Administration.

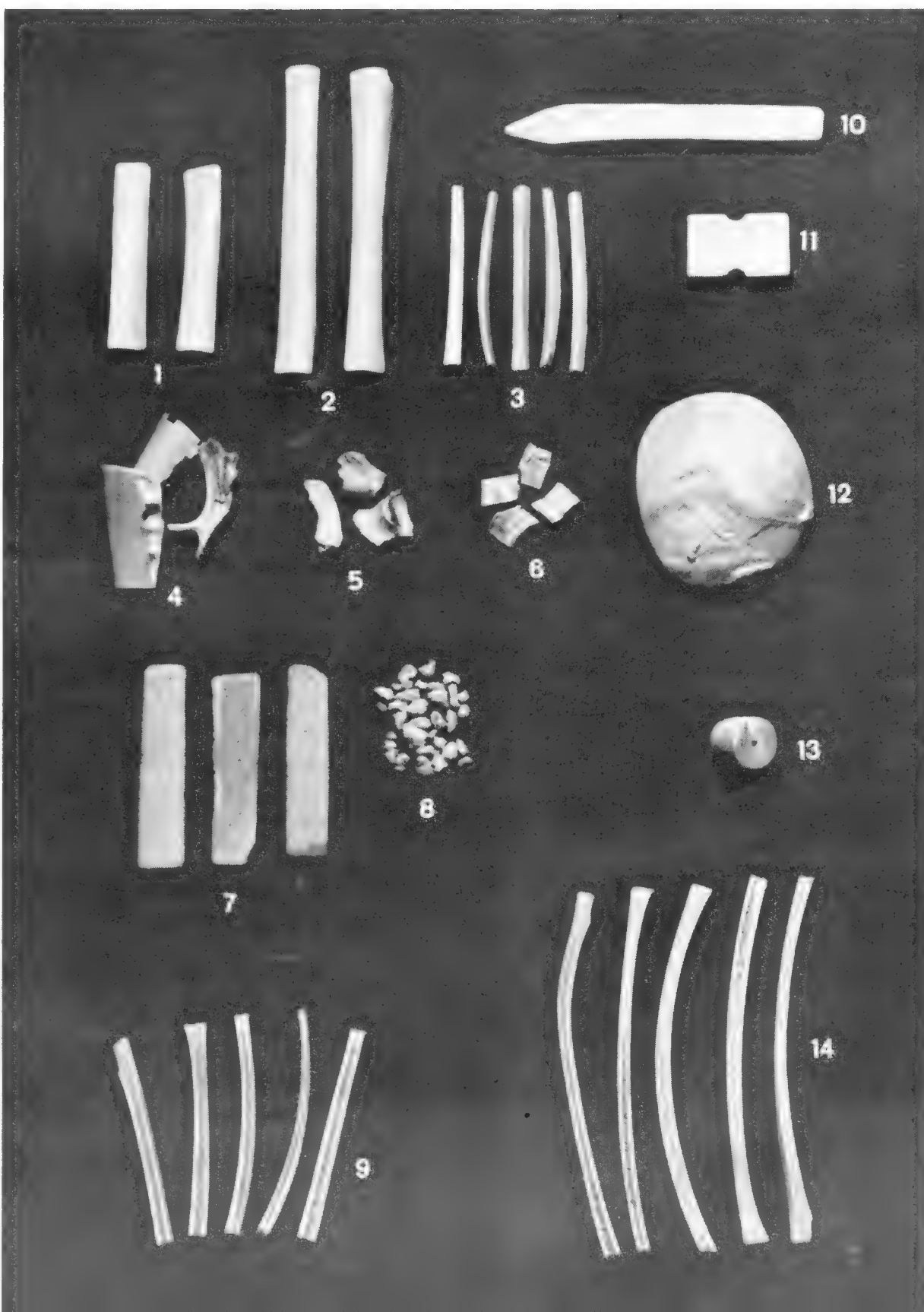
Once the flesh of the calf has been removed, the bones are cut into a variety of sizes and shapes (*right*) and put through a series of chemical, detergent and sterile water baths to remove all fat, connective tissue and blood cells that might cause a human recipient to reject an implant.

Calves are used not only because they are easy to obtain but also because their bones are much more porous than human bones and thus are highly suitable as a matrix into which new bone tissue will grow. In the first few weeks after a transplant, the host's blood vessels penetrate the spaces in the calf bone (shown in the extraordinary photograph at the left) and fill them with new bone cells. Several months after the operation, all trace of the calf bone disappears, and healthy new bone takes on its precise shape and contour.



VARIED SIZES TO FIT NEEDS

Like lumber and wood trim available to the home repairman, processed calf bone comes in an assortment of sizes and shapes which the surgeon can order as he needs or store on his shelf. Heavy pieces (1 and 2) are used to provide strength for spinal fusions and mending fractures, and the slender pieces (3) to fuse deformed wrist and ankle joints. Three types are taken from calf embryos—jaw and eye-socket pieces (4) used in facial plastic surgery; eye-socket chips (5) and cartilage (6) used for rebuilding noses. Spongy slabs (7) and ground bone (8) are used to fill bone defects. Three-inch strips (9) can be bound like barrel staves around fractures. Awaiting FDA approval are five additional types: a peg (10) for fractured hips and notched piece (11) for spinal reinforcement, both fashioned from the sturdier bone of an adult steer; curved plate (12) for skull injuries, and a plug (13) and strips (14) for spinal column repairs. At left, a technician cuts his raw material to size with a band saw.



A New Problem for the Logical: Dividing the Farm

Mamma (below, left) has good reason to smile smugly, now that she has got over her grief. For Papa has bequeathed to her the northwest quarter of the fertile square of land which he had farmed happily and successfully for so many years of their life together. Mamma's share of the property is a perfect square,

like the acreage from which it has been carved.

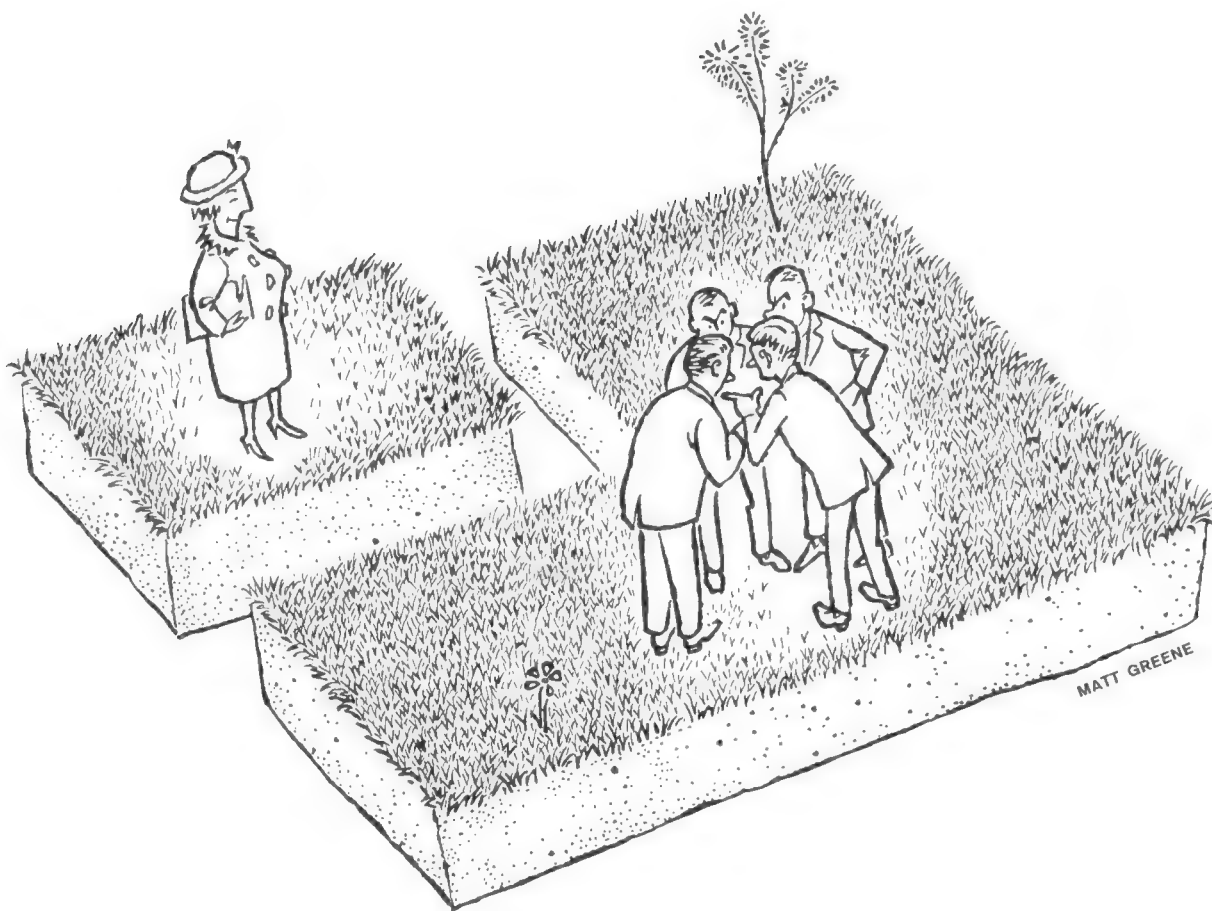
But Mamma's and Papa's four sons have a problem and they have been trying for weeks to solve it. Papa, no doubt with a wicked gleam in his eye as he dictated his will to his attorney, decreed that the four boys should share equally the remaining three quarters of the farm *but that each of their plots would have to be identical in shape as well as in size*. Papa had told his lawyer —although they did not put *that* in

the will—that if the boys did not have brains enough to figure it out, they probably did not have brains enough to succeed at farming in a competitive world.

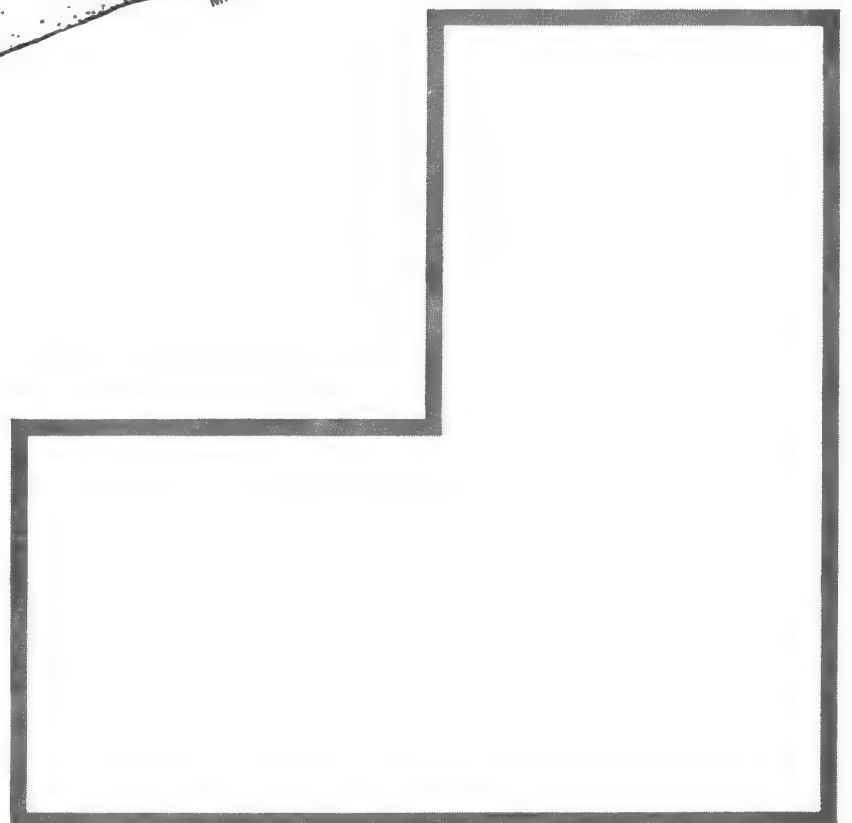
Perhaps he was too rough on the boys—and perhaps not. When the problem was presented in "FORTUNE at Work," a house organ of FORTUNE, Time Inc.'s Magazine of Business, the New York office of "FORTUNE at Work" received phone calls from business executives as far away as San Francisco (2,500 miles): Could they please have the answer so that they could get back to their pressing duties?

On the other hand, students in the high school at Lynbrook, New York, a village on Long Island, arrived at the solution in minutes. (Perhaps they will soon be taking away the executives' jobs.)

LIFE International will welcome answers from its readers on behalf of Papa's four puzzled sons and will publish a sampling of the best in a future issue—if LIFE International's editors have by then been able to figure out the solution for themselves.



After Mamma's share of Papa's farm had been separated from the rest, the area to be divided among the four sons looked like this (right). To satisfy the terms of Papa's will, the boys had to carve it up into holdings which would be of identical shape and size.



Chesterfield People:

They like a mild smoke, but just don't like filters. (How about you?)



Felix De Cossio, portrait painter



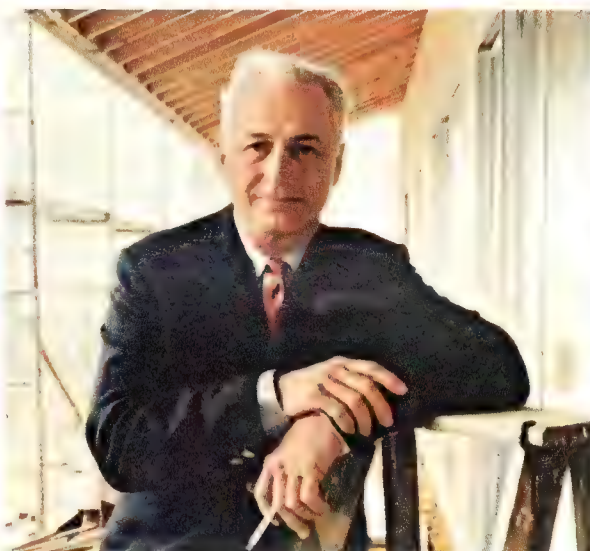
Jean Russell, pianist



William Miller, dog breeder



Richard J. Gail, automotive engineer



William C. Bettendorf, contractor



Leon Koury, sculptor



Virginia Van Brunt, fashion consultant



Nelson Reed, archeologist

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Swiftly the great cities are swallowing Americans. Even as the population explodes, the lovely open land is losing people. In a mere 35 years, four out of five Americans (240 million) will live in or around cities (today 133 million do). These cities grow like living cells and finally join and become megalopolis, unbroken for hundreds of miles.

There is nothing man can do to change this. His life is the product of his technical capacities and the demands which they both bring and satisfy. He is likely to live as does a man named Earl Huntington, shown at right with his wife and daughters on the balcony of their 14th-floor apartment in New York City.

Earl Huntington's home is in a huge apartment development called Lefrak City, a 40-minute ride from Manhattan. Lefrak City has 8,300 population in twelve 18-story buildings and in another two years will have 18,000. But Huntington was not born to this. He comes from the serene but slowly dying little town of Castle Dale, Utah, population 500. There his family still runs handsome Hereford cattle (*below*) on land theirs since homesteading days. Earl Huntington was sad the day he left Castle Dale 15 years ago—but he did leave and he will not return, for these are the terms of life today: the megalopolis and a chance for success, or the open land and sacrifice. In this look at a growing schism in our culture, LIFE balances Earl Huntington between the reality of the present (shown in black and white photographs) and his memory of life (shown in color) as it once was, but which is his no longer.



To the city's crowded towers . . .

THE CHOICE

● *To raise cattle today [says Earl Huntington whose quotes appear through this article], you need more land than most people have, more feed than they can afford. But hard as life was as a boy, there is something good in the small town—a sense of who you really are. Today you are cut off at the roots—living up here in the sky. In the crowds of a big city you are overlooked, passed by, not seen.* ●

Photographed for LIFE
by GREY VILLET





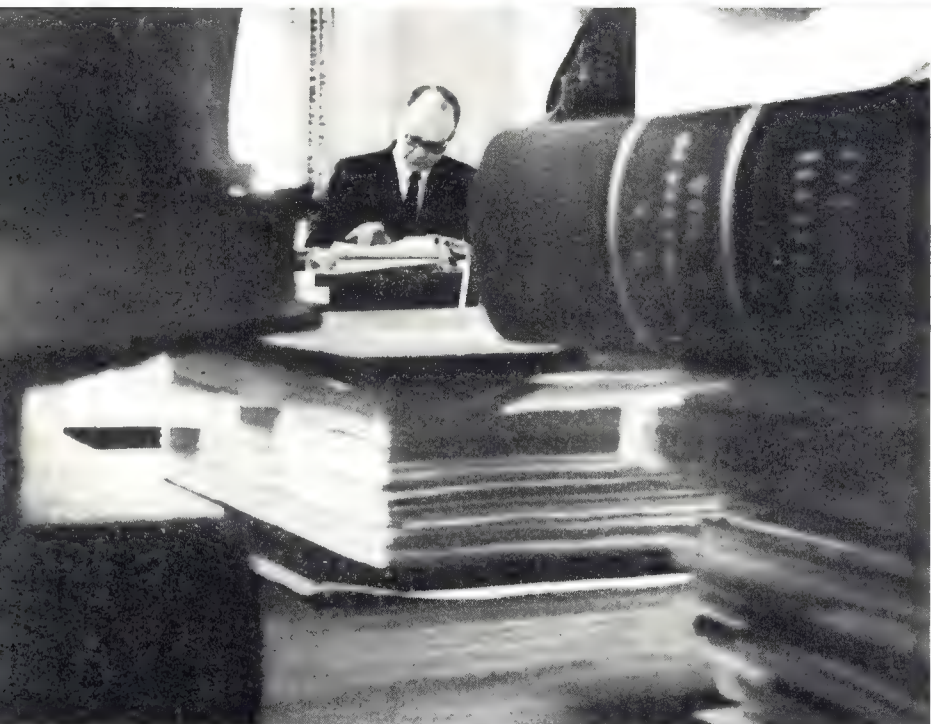
FORCED UPON US

... from the lovely open land





Ride the Crushing Subway



● In Castle Dale, a boy grew up and everyone knew him, knew the work he had done. We had a cow named Old Brownie and when I was four I milked her. I think that kind of life may be healthier. You're in two worlds in New York, in the office and in the apartment. People become just mobs of faces on the subways. You don't care about them and they don't care about you. A city does something harsh to human nature. ●





to Success

Earl Huntington rides to work every morning and home every night on a jammed subway. He survives this dehumanizing compression of flesh as do the other riders: he shuts the present from his mind, even as he shuts out the noise and ugliness that surround Lefrak City outside his cramped 5-room apartment. Out in Castle Dale, on the dewy range that Earl gave up, where a faint fragrance of sage bites the air, his brother Ray slips quietly through an aspen forest in search of a deer. Earl still

hungers for that clean life, but he finds compensations in the city. At the end of his subway ride is the mark of his success: on the 55th floor of New York's Pan-Am Building, he is a swiftly rising executive in a mining company. There, surrounded by the papers and reports which are his tools, he plays in today's action—the moves and countermoves of finance and power. Years ago he left Utah, went to college, worked for the government in Washington, met and married Phyllis, had

two daughters and came to New York only after long deliberation. It was ugly and frightening but he is not unhappy. There is the incredible plenty of mass production, which Phyllis finds in every store. There is good theater, good dining and pleasant, bright people. Earl is still rising and he expects to buy a certain freedom from the city's crush by moving on to the expensive suburbs. But for ever-increasing millions of others, Lefrak City simply represents life as it is today and will be tomorrow.



'No Place Prettier than Joe's Valley'



● I don't think there's any place prettier than Joe's Valley. I remember hunts up there—the smell of wood burning, of coffee and beefsteak and sour dough baking. Leaving country like that makes a man look like an idiot unless there are compensations. I enjoy the city and I have excitement and responsibility with the company. ●





A Playground's Not a Poplar Tree

Lefrak City is not easy on children. Jane, 3½, the Huntingtons' older daughter, expresses her frustrations by running off. She hurtles away from her mother in the playground and even in heavy traffic, and Phyllis, indulgent and yet frightened, follows. The play-

grounds are crowded and Jane must push her way onto a swing to hang suspended, with terror and elation blended on her face. When she finds dirt, any dirt, she rolls in it, smells it, tastes it. Her great joy is her father's arrival each night. Her mother's life is a

chain of routine. Just to go out she must dress the children (the other girl is 2), await a densely crowded elevator, negotiate labyrinths of narrow halls. Yet she feels the rewards of the city—restaurants, off-Broadway theater, sophistication—amply repay her.



“We don't have green grass here for the children to run on, to roll in and chew on. When I was a kid we had a great poplar tree and a rope swing 30 feet high. We were free, on our own a lot. When I first came here I wondered

how I could bring those two girls up here. It was so ugly and depressing without trees, without grass, without space. I thought then, “I wonder if I've made a really horrible mistake getting caught up in city living?”







'It's a Long Way Back to Castle Dale'

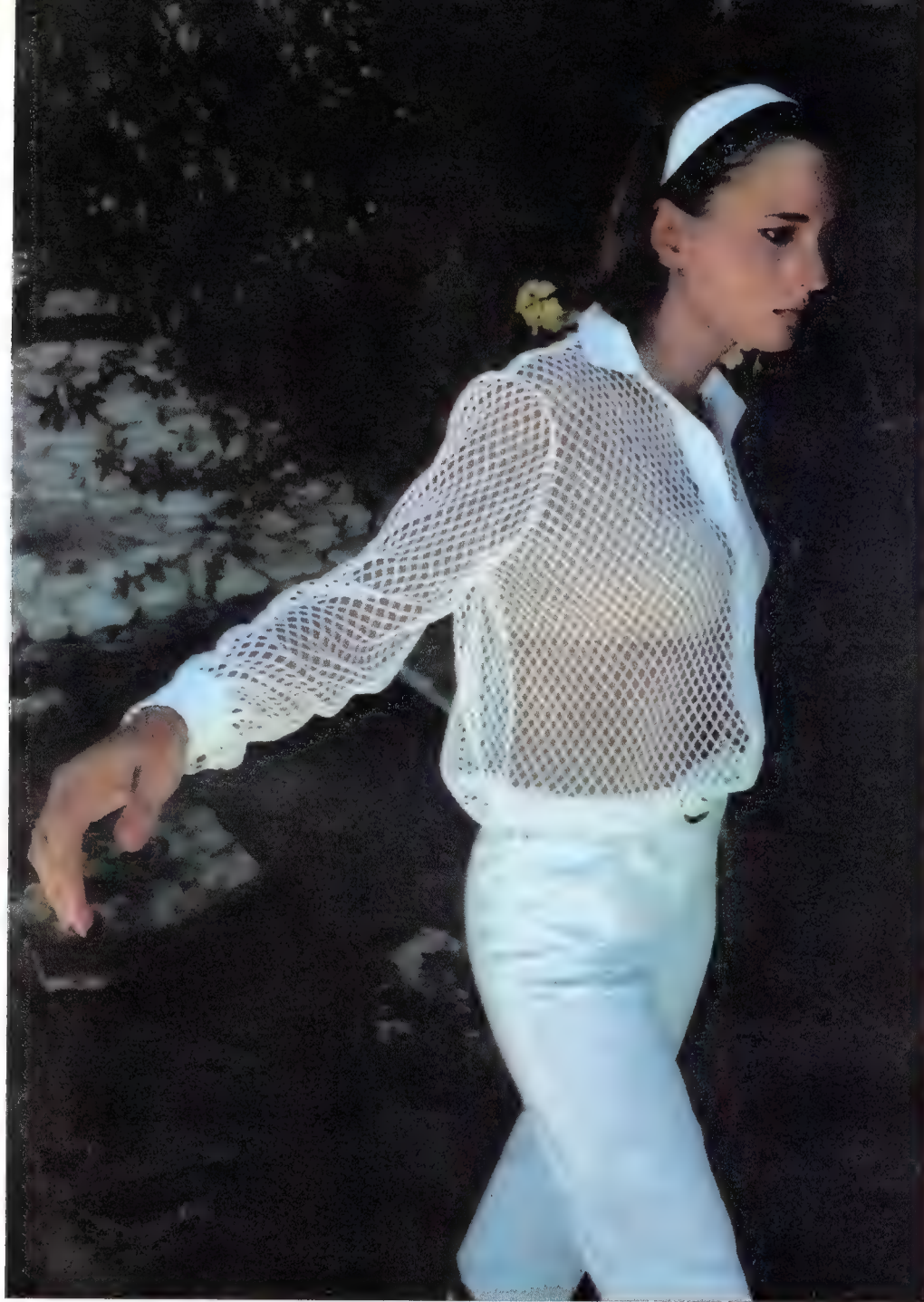
In his office, Earl Huntington sits high over New York, as a colleague gestures over the business matters by which they live and succeed. In the narrow halls of

Lefrak City, Phyllis maneuvers the children through the tight spectrum of their lives. She believes life will be easier in the suburbs some day—and a little more free.

It's a long way back to Castle Dale and the time when I was riding the roundups with my father and my grandfather. Once I ran a horse so fast I nearly ruined him—I just let him

go. It made me feel free, completely free. I guess it's something a man has to feel once, that there's nothing to stop him, that it's a big country and some of it is his.





Lovely Theory Full of Holes

Like the tides, feminine beach fashions have surged in inexorable alternation from the altogether to the not-at-all and back, ever since Eve changed from one fig leaf to three. She proved that a fellow can see too much of a girl, a lesson lost on such designers as Rudi Gernreich, whose interpretation of the Bare Look, the topless suit, proved too literal for the littoral last summer. In the new suits, such as those shown here, on the next page and on the cover and all pictured in Baja California, the designers have turned Sartrean, toying with reality and illusion. The theory is that not nudity but the *appearance* of nudity entices. The bare bosom is out—or rather it isn't. By cutting away the suit in nonstrategic areas, or by slipping transparent plastics or fishnet over what seems to be all girl but is actually girl with flesh-colored bra, body stocking or leotard, this year's fashions achieve far better than Gernreich's "unikini" the illusion that she is "In naked beauty more adorn'd,/More lovely, than Pandora." Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour!

Jessie Sanders wears a cotton fishnet shirt, beige linen bandeau and cotton duck straight-leg pants.

Under a fishnet jump suit, Sue Peterson wears that nylon "second skin" called a body stocking.

Jessie Sanders and her flesh-colored bra show through fishnet upper half of her black swimsuit.







Sue Peterson (she certainly gets around) appears intermittently through cut-out portions of her stretch suit, which is held together by a ring.

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by **GEORGE
DE CARVALHO**

FOR 28 months in this remote and rugged land a sanguinary but little-noticed war has been going on which has some of the looks and all of the cruelty of a bloodletting in *The Arabian Nights*. Upwards of 100,000 people—soldiers on both sides and Yemeni civilians—have been killed. This is at least equal to—and probably higher than—the military and civilian death toll in South Vietnam during the same period of time. The scene is a medieval country about the size of New England, monstrously mountainous and inhabited by five million unruly people. The protagonists are Egypt's President Gamal Abdel Nasser and Muhammad al-Badr, the Imam, or ruler, of Yemen.

The war started in October 1962 when Nasser sought to enlarge his "Pan Arabian" power base in the Middle East by seizing a toe hold on the oil-rich Arabian peninsula. Nasser engineered a coup which drove the Imam out of his ancient capital, San'a, and into his caves, then replaced him with a

puppet "republican" government supported by Egyptian troops. Relying on Nasser's pledge to get out of Yemen, the U.S. quickly—and prematurely—recognized the puppet government, despite the misgivings of the British. Nasser did not get out of Yemen. Now he has committed an army of 40,000 troops, along with hundreds of Soviet-made jets and tanks, to a military venture which has already cost him 20,000 Egyptian casualties (including 5,000 to 10,000 dead) and perhaps \$500 million—one of the main reasons Egypt has a new economic crisis. Caught in a strength-draining stalemate, Nasser cannot pull out: he would suffer an unthinkable loss of face. Badr survives partly with Saudi Arabian military and financial support but mainly because Nasser can't get at him.

To "get" the Imam, Nasser has used airborne rockets, bombs, artillery shells, machine guns, grenades and hired assassins. Once an Egyptian agent planted an adder in the Imam's sleeping blankets. Badr decapitated the deadly reptile with his dagger and calmly dropped off to sleep. Last summer the Egyptian armored spearheads pushed within two miles of the

Imam's headquarters, but again he slipped away over the hills.

Cairo newspapers have repeatedly run the triumphant but premature headline: **IMAM DEAD!** But when I visited him a few weeks ago in one of his secret caves, the Imam was very much alive, and moreover made it clear that he expects to kick Nasser's army out of Yemen and into the Red Sea. With a wide, white-toothed grin, he said confidently: "Yemen will be Nasser's graveyard."

To reach the Imam's mountain redoubts, which the Egyptians scornfully label his "kingdom of the caves," involves arduous travel on foot as well as by jet, Jeep and camelback. I finally arrived at a cleft between two huge overhanging rocks, an hour's climb up a steep crag in northwest Yemen. Egyptian jets had just raked the area, and guards were stacking protective rocks around the entrance. Inside, comfortably cross-legged, sat Imam Badr, "Sword of Islam, Defender of the Faith and Servant of Allah." Badr, "The Moon," is the 67th Imam of his line, which has ruled Yemen—or tried to—since 897 A.D.

Hale and husky at 39, Nasser's nemesis is almost six feet tall, with gray-flecked hair and scraggly beard, deep-dish dimples and two bright black eyes. He was eating lunch on the floor, Yemeni style, scooping up rice and tearing hunks of boiled sheep with his right hand.

The cave was almost bare. There was a carpet on the stone floor, a camp bed against the rock wall, a bottle of vitamin pills, a transistor radio and a makeshift desk improvised from an ammunition crate. The top was littered with cigaret stubs and scribbled messages from tribal sheiks.

Badr was cocky and ebullient. Pointing to the heavens, he proclaimed cheerfully: "Allah is with me and I cannot lose. Nasser has already squandered too much blood and treasure in Yemen. Now he even talks of bribing me with £10 million [\$28 million] to abdicate and go to the Riviera."

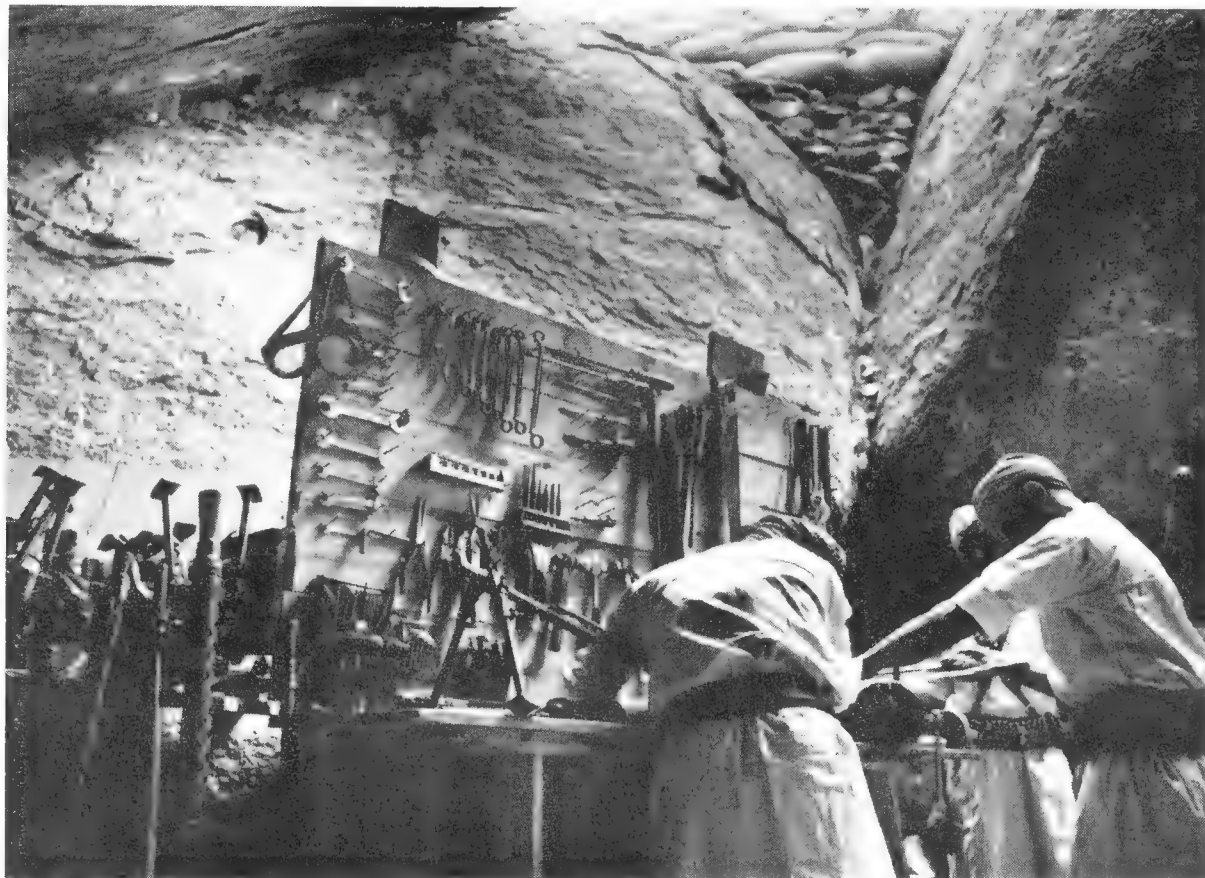
He laughed. "Nasser is crazy," he said. "He cannot buy me or Yemen for all the money on earth. I will never yield. For me the war will end when the last Egyptian soldier leaves or dies."

But Badr appears willing to do anything within reason to save Nasser's face and "facilitate" the Egyptian withdrawal.

"We will pledge our friendship, sign an alliance and even praise Nasser's great services to Yemen," the Imam says. "All we really want is to get Nasser out of Yemen."

Ironically Imam Badr used to be Nasser's devoted disciple. On Badr's many journeys to Cairo in

A 'friend' who went over to Nasser, tribesmen who grow ever more loyal



IMAM OF YEMEN CONTINUED

the late 1950s, Nasser greeted him with bearhug embraces and kisses on both cheeks. "We were brothers until he betrayed me," the Imam says now.

Nasser made his grab for Yemen following the death of Badr's father, the late Imam Ahmad, who reigned from 1948 to 1962. Fat and frog-eyed, Ahmad was known as the "Old Devil." Always perfumed and swathed in silken robes, he was a lusty throwback to medieval despots. "In time of trouble, chop off heads," the Old Devil often said. When tribal sheiks got rambunctious, he would invite them to a palace banquet and, after a great greasy-fingered feast of whole roast camel, behead them. He even beheaded two of his own brothers. "My father," Badr explains with a considerable understatement, "distrusted the 20th Century."

The Old Devil was also a lecher and a glutton, once addicted to morphine and a big harem of 100 slave women. Under him Yemen had few modern schools, hospitals or highways.

In the 1940s, as heir apparent, Badr was taught the classic sub-

jects learned by all past Imams: Arabic poetry, Islamic theology, swordplay and gunnery. But he also read smuggled books about the modern world. He acquired new ideas and yearned to try them out in his own country.

He got his chance when age and lead poisoning weakened the tough Old Devil, who was wounded by five bullets in an abortive coup in March 1961. Badr took over as regent although actually he had been spelling his father off and on in this capacity since 1955—and doing what he could to modernize Yemen. He often consulted Nasser, whom he idolized as a prophet of progress for the Arab nations.

At Nasser's suggestion Badr visited Moscow and Peking, imported Soviet arms and Egyptian advisers to Yemen. He got the Russians to build a modern port at Hodeida, on the Red Sea, and the Chinese Communists to build a highway from there to San'a, the mud-walled capital.

"All these were turned against me—the arms and the advisers, even the port and highway which Nasser's troops are using," Badr lamented. "I wanted to develop Yemen but Nasser wanted to dominate it."

When the Old Devil finally expired on Sept. 19, 1962, Badr became Imam. He immediately freed

Weapons shop is maintained inside bombproof Hanja cave to repair U.S.-made arms the royalists get from Saudis and also Russian-made arms they capture.

all hostages and ordered the first election in Yemen's history. He promised "social justice and rapid progress." Then the tent fell in.

Within a week after congratulating Badr, Nasser got a revolt going against him. Nasser's chosen instrument was Abdullah Sallal, now 43 and president of the precarious "Yemen Arab Republic." A dour, brooding personality with pitted jowls, Sallal is a blacksmith's son who served in the Yemeni Royal Guard. But he spent years in the Old Devil's dungeons for plotting revolts. When Sallal was sentenced to death by Imam Ahmad in 1948, Prince Badr intervened to save his life. After Badr became Imam in 1962, he appointed Sallal commander of the 4,000-man Royal Guard—his entire regular army at the time. "I wanted to rally together all Yemenis seeking reform," the Imam explains ruefully, "but now I know that Sallal is hopelessly evil."

Badr learned the hard way. On his eighth night as Imam, the Royal Guard's Soviet-made tanks began shelling his palace, under orders from Sallal. Badr and a loy-

al few fought back hopelessly all night with Tommy guns. Next morning he leaped over a wall and fled, leaving behind his wife and two young daughters. They have been Sallal's prisoners, under Egyptian guard, ever since. "In my eyes they were beautiful," the Imam says quietly.

When news of the coup was broadcast, warlike Yemeni tribes traditionally loyal to the Imam promptly took up arms against Sallal. Some "republican" troops defected; the rest were killed or scattered. Only Nasser's intervention saved Sallal's regime.

First, San'a swarmed with Egyptian soldiery. Then Nasser contracted for a massive Soviet airlift and rushed into Yemen an army packed with formidable Soviet weapons. Yet the Imam's lean, barefoot tribesmen, armed principally with *bindouks* (rifles) and *jambiyas* (scimitar-shaped daggers), repeatedly stood off Nasser's invaders. They have been doing so ever since.

Today Yemen is littered with the evidence of Egyptian defeats—burned-out vehicles and rotting corpses. Most of the Egyptian dead have never been buried. About 500 Egyptian soldiers got a decent burial at San'a, but many more have been devoured by vultures and dogs or just shriveled by the blazing desert sun. "Let the dogs eat the Egyptian dogs," the Yemenis say scornfully.

A few weeks ago, in northeast Yemen's desert wastes, I saw the wreckage of an entire Egyptian armored column—scores of vehicles and hundreds of dead soldiers—scattered for miles over the sand dunes. "We ambushed them from both sides and wiped them out in two hours," a bearded sheik said, happily displaying his booty: guns, watches and transistor radios. In the rugged mountain land east of San'a, I saw one rocky ravine dotted with the corpses of crack Egyptian paratroopers. One sergeant had crawled into a hillside shed to bandage his wounded leg. I saw his corpse there, riddled by the Yemenis who found him.

Last year Nasser called up more reservists, raised two new divisions and bought more Soviet arms. His army in Yemen used a scorched-earth policy, burning the villages and crops of rebellious tribes, polluting wells and carrying off livestock. In royalist areas which his troops could not penetrate, six jet squadrons strafed and bombed every living thing—including camels and goats—from dawn to dusk. Though Nasser deplores use of napalm in Vietnam, royalist Yemen is spattered with black splotches burned into the land by his Soviet-

made napalm bombs. In January 1964, an Egyptian pilot, Captain Mahmoud Hilmi Abbas, fled to Israel after being assigned to his second tour of duty in Yemen. His explanation: "I cannot stomach machine-gunning and bombing Yemen's defenseless villages."

The Imam himself says indignantly, "When Mussolini bombed the defenseless tribes of Ethiopia, the whole world protested. Nasser bombs our people much more savagely, but the conscience of the world sleeps." The International Red Cross estimates by October 1963 1.5 million Yemeni civilians—about 30% of the entire population—had been uprooted by the war. With hundreds of villages destroyed, the homeless families are living in caves and gullies.

At least 10,000 of the Imam's armed supporters have been killed and 30,000 wounded. Civilian casualties are enormous. A Red Cross team in royalist Yemen has reported: "We encountered biblical scenes of suffering. Women pleading for help held out to us their sick and wounded babies. We did not have enough medicine even for critical cases."

Yemeni warfare has peculiarities which Nasser has never understood. Its tribes have feuded and fought with each other for centuries, and stood together just often enough to harass all foreign invaders: Persians, Ethiopians, Turks and Egyptians. Yemen is a tough place. Villages are built like fortresses, with gun towers. Houses have few windows but do have firing slits for guns. The people's favorite sport is pillage. When Yemenis go to sleep at night, they cuddle their rifles and daggers.

Unruly and unruled as they may be, even the toughest Yemenis, the Zeidi mountaineers, revere a

strong Imam. He is Allah's "shadow on earth"—a combination of pope, king and father. The Yemenis contemptuously reject a weak Imam. Badr is gaining popular strength all the time. After more than two years of warfare, he qualifies as a "strong" Imam. Tribal allegiance now gravitates to him. And that allegiance is another thing about Yemen that Nasser miscalculated.

Every Yemeni's loyalty is to his tribe—and the tribes have traditionally made war to avenge insult or to win booty, rarely for patriotism or principle. The Eastern Abidi tribe fought the Egyptians magnificently for months and then suddenly quit. They had captured enough booty. In Yemen a bullet is worth 10¢ and a good rifle \$300, so the many-times-victorious Abidi fighters felt wealthy enough to retire. On an earlier trip, in February 1963, I watched a thin skirmish line of tribesmen attacking formidable Egyptian positions at Argoup, near San'a. I suggested they needed reinforcements. The royalist commander, Prince Abdullah ibn Hassan, was shocked. "But they have been fighting for three days to capture Egyptian weapons," he said. "If I called in another tribe, they would have to share the booty."

Royalists pay their tribesmen just \$1 per fighting day, while the Egyptians are paying fortunes to profiteering sheiks. Some tribes collect from and fight for both sides. One bedouin tribe collected about \$2 million from the Egyptians, but before every battle sent messages assuring the Imam they would shoot to miss.

"We can never trust the Yemenis who come to fight on our side," said an Egyptian officer, captured outside San'a two months ago. "They're always likely to turn their fire suddenly against us." In fact, they often have.

Indeed, tribal attitudes themselves have become more "national" because of Nasser. If Nasser has not united Yemen for the Imam, he has united most Yemenis against the Egyptians. The blitzed tribes of northern and central Yemen are solidly royalist now and not for sale at any price. When tribes around San'a rose up last year to cut vital Egyptian supply roads, they suffered reprisals worse than the Old Devil himself ever inflicted. The Egyptians hanged

sheiks, dynamited homes, imposed collective fines and seized hostages—still being held in San'a and Cairo. The tribesmen swore revenge with oaths signed in blood. Mines blew up Egyptian vehicles in and around San'a. Raiders ambushed Egyptian sentries, sliced open their bellies and stuffed in their severed heads.

To create a legal-looking army for his puppet republic, Nasser brought two brigades of Yemeni recruits to Egypt and trained them. With great fanfare they were sent into action against the Imam last summer. By fall both brigades were riddled with defections. "The Egyptians treat us like dogs," one deserter explained. An Egyptian officer began giving orders to the Sheik of Sirwah, who snapped proudly, "I command here," and stabbed the officer to death. The sheik was killed later and his tribe aligned itself firmly with the Imam.

"There is no civil war between royalists and republicans, only a national Yemeni war against Egyptian imperialism," the Imam says. "Without Egyptian troops, the republic would collapse and I could walk into San'a without firing a shot."

During last summer's Egyptian



At Hanja training camp, the Imam's West Point, a royalist recruit keeps firm grip on rifle as he learns to handle a 57-mm recoilless cannon made in U.S.

advance—"my blackest days," Badr says—the Imam developed a nagging anxiety neurosis and a raging carbuncle. Now he is in robust health and roaring good humor. By contrast, his enemy, Sallal, is a nervous wreck. Sallal now hates to remain in Yemen. He junkets around Egypt and the Soviet bloc from Peking to Prague, resting in Egyptian and European hospitals. Nasser coddles him as a symbol; Egyptian Tommy-gunners guard him day and night.

While the Imam lives in caves, Sallal has all the perquisites of power—palaces, limousines and a Moscow-donated Ilyushin turbo-prop. But he has no power and Nasser privately despises him. Captured Egyptian intelligence reports state coldly, "Sallal has neither popularity nor prestige [in Yemen]. He has no support and does not enjoy the people's confidence." The reports candidly refer to "bribery and corruption, stagnation and demoralization," and one of them notes delicately, "The love of the



Fighting Prince Abdullah ibn Hassan is Imam's best combat leader, commanding royalists east of the capital, San'a. He is the son of Imam's prime minister.

'When the Egyptians go, we can have elections'

IMAM OF YEMEN CONTINUED

Yemeni people for the Egyptian people is on the wane."

A few months ago, in October, after the failure of his 1964 summer offensive, Nasser agreed to a ceasefire and a peace conference. But even some "republican" delegates to the conference, which was due to meet last November, demanded Egyptian withdrawal from Yemen. Furious, the Egyptians executed 40 republican leaders and jailed 300. The conference was postponed indefinitely and the "republican" government collapsed, with nearly all ministers resigning. Sallal flew to Cairo and in January, after consulting Nasser, appointed another government whose premier, General Hassan Amri, 48, may turn out to be a stronger man than Sallal.

Now Nasser's Yemen garrisons are isolated islands in a hostile sea. Republican provincial leaders refuse to pay taxes to the Egyptian viceroys in San'a. Republican sheiks and elders clamber the steep path to the Imam's cave to pledge support. Cannily the Imam says, "Let the people decide what they want. If they want another Imam, or no Imam at all, I will go. But

they must be free to choose without Egyptian guns at their heads. When the Egyptians have gone, we can have free elections and a constitutional convention."

Technically the October ceasefire is supposed still to be on, but the war never really stopped. Traveling at night, in December, to one exposed royalist position, across a wretchedly rutted trail, my Jeep driver incautiously flicked on his lights. Within seconds Egyptian artillery slammed a barrage into the barren rocky mountainside. And in January the Imam's forces felt confident enough to launch a counterattack in force near the Saudi Arabian border, which supposedly resulted in 1,000 Egyptian and republican casualties.

The Imam has good reason for his new confidence. During my swing through Yemen, which lasted 16 days, I found that he now has around 75,000 troops, although he could not mobilize them all at the same time. But he does have enough regulars to man the front lines. He has piles of ammunition supplied by Saudi Arabia, mostly in cases stamped with the familiar U.S. aid symbol: clasped hands.

In the mountain crags overlooking Wadi Jauf, a vital Egyptian supply line, I found royalist fighters dug in with heavy mortars, machine guns and recoilless cannon, all sighted on Egyptian positions. "Look," said Sergeant Ghazi Muhammad. Through his telescopic sights I saw an Egyptian machine-gun emplacement smack in the crosshairs. "We can hit them any time, but we must hold fire until the Imam orders an attack," he said.

The royalists still have nothing approaching Nasser's firepower—no heavy artillery, no armor, no aircraft. But they have much more going for them than they had a year ago.

Radio networks tie in all fronts and turbaned operators link royalist headquarters daily with an oddly floral code: "Lilac calling Rosebud, Lilac calling Rosebud. Over." Some of the caves are elaborate. I visited one that was air-conditioned and boasted a refrigerator full of canned mango and orange juice. At Amara, a major royalist supply dump, generators light up a complex of caves six stories high, and rugs and cushions drape the rooms. At Hanja, royalist technicians clad in white overalls man a well-equipped armory—deep in a cave, of course—capable of repairing all weapons used by the Imam's forces.

Hanja is the Imam's West Point. On training grounds flying royalist colors, a red flag with a white scimitar and five white stars, recruits learn infantry tactics and weapons. Bearded tribesmen and barefoot teen-agers get to be mortar or machine-gun experts. Hanja is pitted with bomb craters, but it has already graduated 6,000 fighters and is training 1,000 more every two months.

Near Hanja I saw woebegone Egyptian captives filing out of their cave prison, hung with leg irons.

Enterance to Imam's hideaway—one of several caves in royalists' Mount Sheda camp—is stacked with rocks to protect him from attack by Egyptian jets.





In the hills of Maghallal, east of San'a, royalists lie in wait overlooking a plain which is supply corridor for Egyptian infantry post they can see in distance.

"If the Egyptian people knew the full truth about this war, they would revolt," one prisoner said in good English. "Nasser is killing us and the Yemeni people for nothing." Another prisoner snapped at him in Arabic and he shut up.

The royalists have killed many prisoners and traded many more in exchange for hostages, but they still hold hundreds. In the International Red Cross field hospital at Uqd, near the Saudi border, wounded royalist warriors vow they will fight again: "*Insha Allah*—God willing—I will kill an Egyptian before I die." But it takes days to bring in casualties by mule or camel, and, the doctors say, "Allah heals the lightly wounded. The badly wounded die."

The Imam's allies include a fighting tribe of cousins, young princes of the Hamid al-Din dynasty. All are educated, English-speaking, very ebullient and extraordinarily tough leaders of men. The two youngest princes are 15 and 16; the oldest are in their late 20s. "If the Egyptians go, I will bless them," says the best combat commander, slim and sloe-eyed Prince Abdullah ibn Hassan, 26. "If they stay, I will annihilate them."

Abdullah used to be a Yemeni delegate to the U.N. and he remembers Manhattan nostalgically.

"I wake up in a cave sometimes," he says, "aching and dirty, with no shower or toilet, no nothing. And I think about New York. I'll never

forget Fifth Avenue and Times Square."

Abdullah commands the vital front in the mountains overlooking San'a. "We can encircle San'a," he says confidently. "Before I had only one bazooka and two mortars. Now I have dozens. I have 600 men on my front line always, 2,000 on call within 24 hours and 7,000 on call within five days. We are very strong now, much stronger than Nasser imagines. If we just bleed him enough, he will withdraw."

Abdullah's wife and children are also being held captive by the Egyptians, and he swears if any harm is done to them, the Egyptian prisoners he holds will pay in blood.

Like the Imam and all the other Yemeni princes, Abdullah is a constant target for Egyptian attack. When I arrived at his headquarters one night a few weeks ago, he said cheerfully, "The Egyptians know I'm here and they will bomb us at dawn." And they did. At daylight Abdullah squinted up at the oncoming Egyptian Ilyushins to judge their trajectory, then shouted, "Run!" We ran and the bombs hit a few hundred yards away.

Last July the Egyptians killed one prince, Ali ibn Hussein, who before the war was a senior in political science at the American University of Beirut and an admiring student of *The Federalist*. An Egyptian sniper got him. The next month Ali's younger brother Ahmad, who had been a freshman majoring in the same academic field, was hit in the abdomen and shoulder by Egyptian machine-gun bullets while defending a mountain position in northern Yemen. He picked off a three-man machine-gun crew with his rifle. Although his wounds seeped blood for five weeks, he never left the front. His elder brother Muhammad, a graduate of Cairo University, was ripped from ankle to shoulder by Egyptian bomb fragments during a jet attack in the desert a year ago. He survived to command the Wadi Jauf front and says: "I live only to see Egyptians die."

The royalists have a few mercenaries—about 15 French and Belgian veterans of Katanga, Algeria and Dien Bien Phu. They are advisers rather than fighters, because the Imam refuses to let foreigners fight the foreign enemy. One mercenary has been killed and two wounded in air attacks, and all have a price on their heads. They get \$900 monthly and they earn it.

"This is not a joke, like fighting the Congo *simbas*," said their chief, a cashiered French army colonel who fought in Katanga. "Here we have no whisky or wine,

no fun of any kind. We live in the wilderness. Any plane we hear figures to be an enemy plane. But we are repaying Nasser for all his dirty tricks."

The royalists are currently well supplied with money—Saudi Arabian bank notes and gold sovereigns. I saw stacks being paid to tribal sheiks, but Saudi and mercenary support together add up to nothing like Nasser's massive involvement.

Saudi Arabia's King Feisal is trying to negotiate a peace with Nasser, but the Imam has told him bluntly that the royalists will keep on fighting, if necessary without support from anyone, until the Egyptians pull out. The royalists recently arranged parachute arms drops by mystery charter planes shuttling at night between Aden and Cyprus and their redoubts in the central part of Yemen.

"Most of my supplies are now parachuted," says Prince Abdullah, who suffered a minor disaster last May when a supply caravan of 500 camels carrying 100 tons of ammunition blundered into an Egyptian mine field and blew up.

So, Nasser cannot crush the

Imam without vastly reinforcing his army in Yemen, which seems militarily and economically impossible. If Nasser's troops got lucky and killed or captured the Imam, that would be a severe blow to the resistance. But anti-Egyptian feeling is now so strong in Yemen that Nasser would have a fearful job pacifying the country, and another leader might well arise from the militant royalist military.

Meanwhile the Imam's forces are still too lightly armed to expel the Egyptians from strongly fortified positions. But they can go on hurting Nasser badly, ambushing convoys and encircling garrisons. Already some isolated Egyptian positions have to be supplied by air, at vast effort and expense. Certainly Nasser failed to realize what he was getting into when he took on these tribal ragamuffins. When Badr says, "Yemen is Nasser's worst mistake," he may be right—at least as long as the Imam lives.

Outside his cave Imam's lunch (mutton, curried vegetables, rice) is prepared on a kerosene stove while guard (foreground) chews on *qat*, a narcotic leaf.

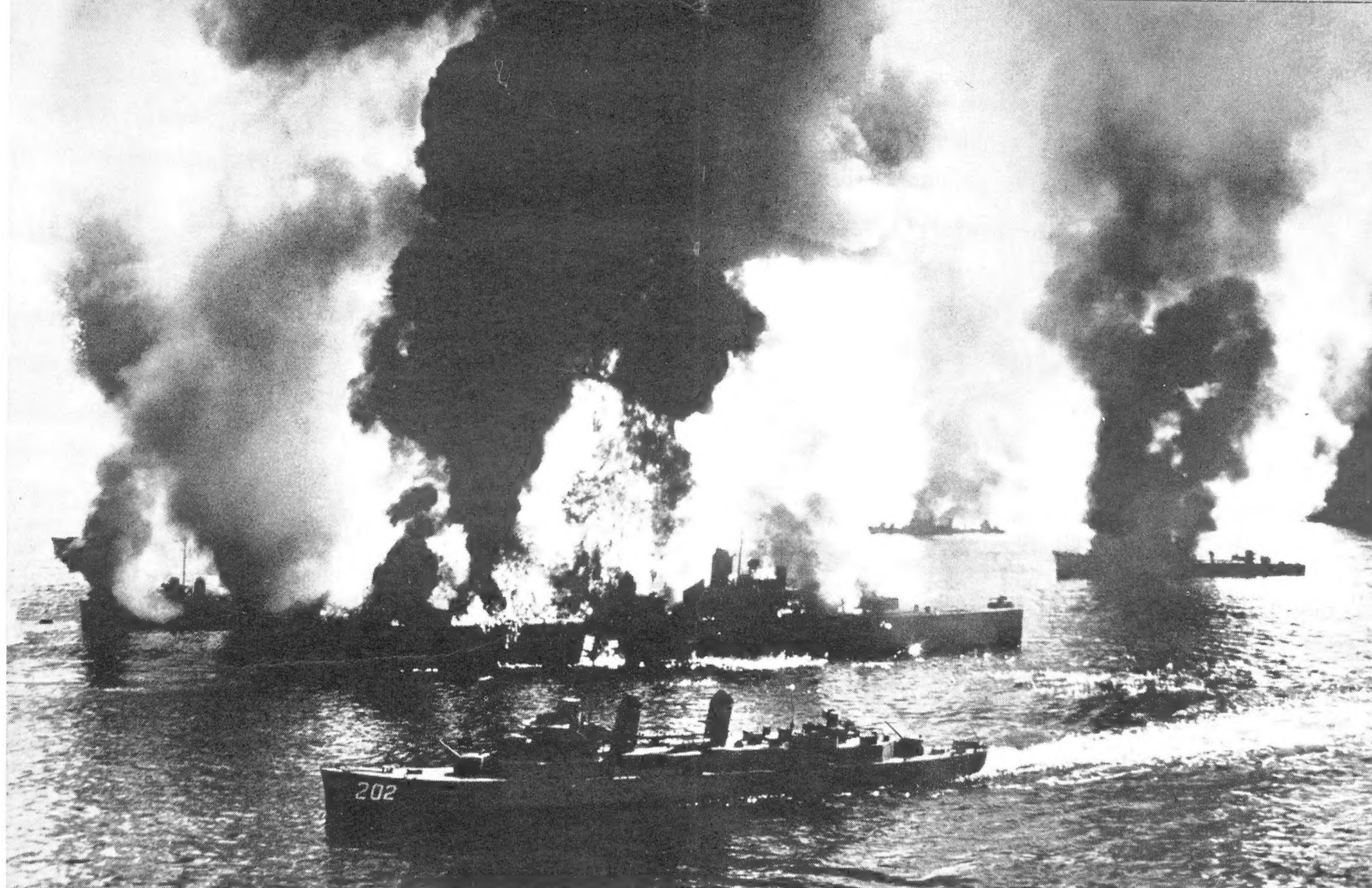


MOVIES

Up Anchor! OTTO's NAVY



Standing like a colossus on a replica of a U.S. Navy cruiser, Otto Preminger, the movie producer and director, prepares to order a miniature flotilla into a re-enactment of a historic battle (*opposite*).



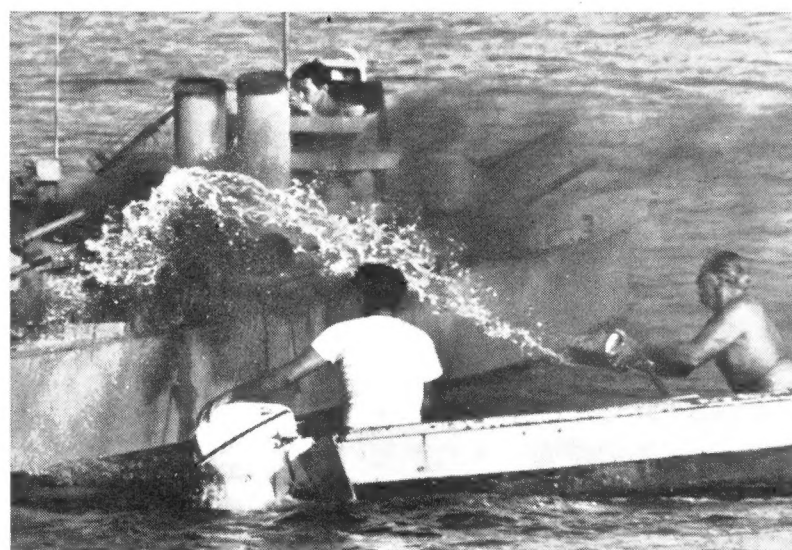
Lilliputian version of the Battle of Leyte Gulf

Fainthearted citizens need have no fears about this blazing sea battle crippling our fleet and eliminating America as a sea power forever. For a movie called *In Harm's Way*, Otto Preminger had to have an armada to re-create the battle of Leyte Gulf, last major sea clash of World War II. Since the U.S. Navy wasn't for sale, he had his special effects crew build one—and a Japanese one, as well. After months of research and experiment, they produced a fiber glass flotilla, scaled $\frac{3}{4}$ inch to the foot, which was authentic in exterior detail down to the last rivet. Admiral Otto's private navy included two-

man cruisers (they sit inside, peeping out through holes in superstructure), one-man destroyers and remote-controlled PT boats. Fleet's flagship was a replica of Japan's battlewagon *Yamato*, scaled down to 56 feet from a real-life 950 and manned by a crew of five.

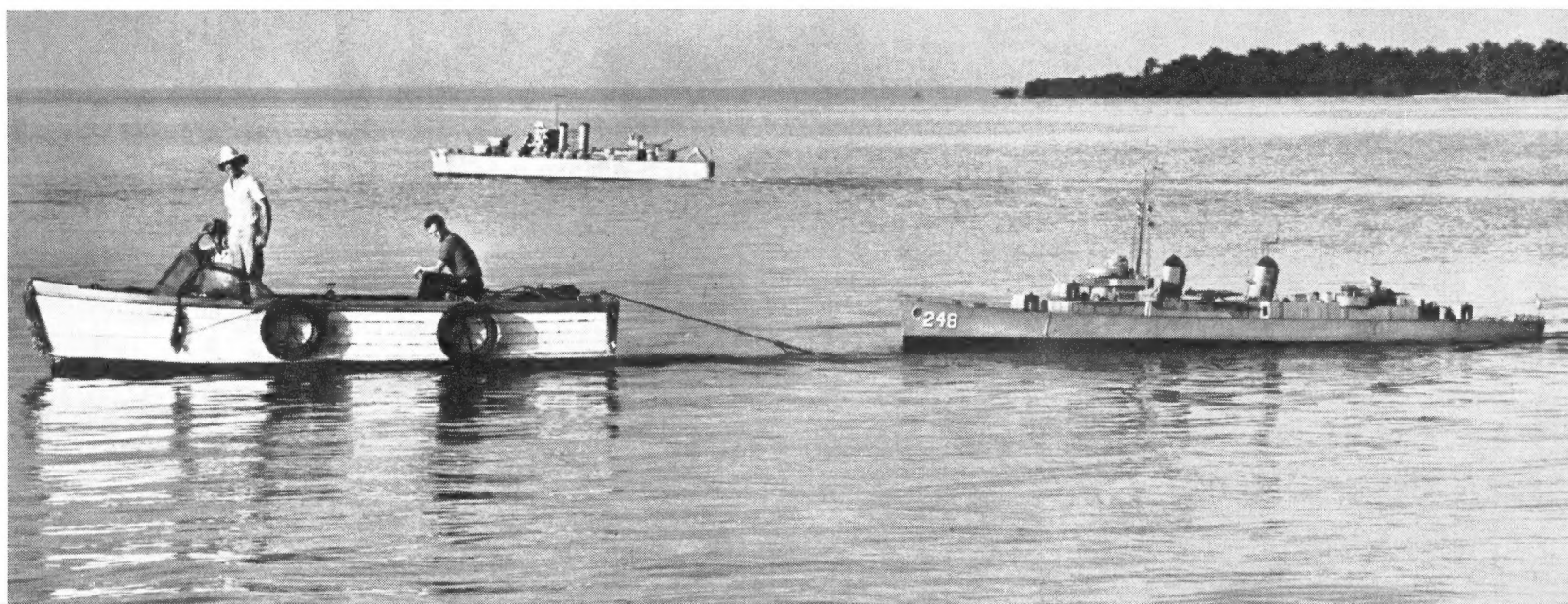
The next problem was finding enough calm water to stage the battle, which finally meant trucking the whole fleet more than 2,500 miles to Laguna de Terminos, a shallow bay on the Gulf of Mexico. There a crew of 40 spent one month and \$1 million recording the battle—which will last for just five minutes on the movie screen.

Towers of fire leap skyward as units of the U.S. fleet take a murderous make-believe pasting for the camera.



Saving a ship for a retake, grips pull alongside to douse her flaming decks with pails of water. U.S. de-

stroyer (below) was knocked out not by enemy fire but by failure of her own temperamental motor.





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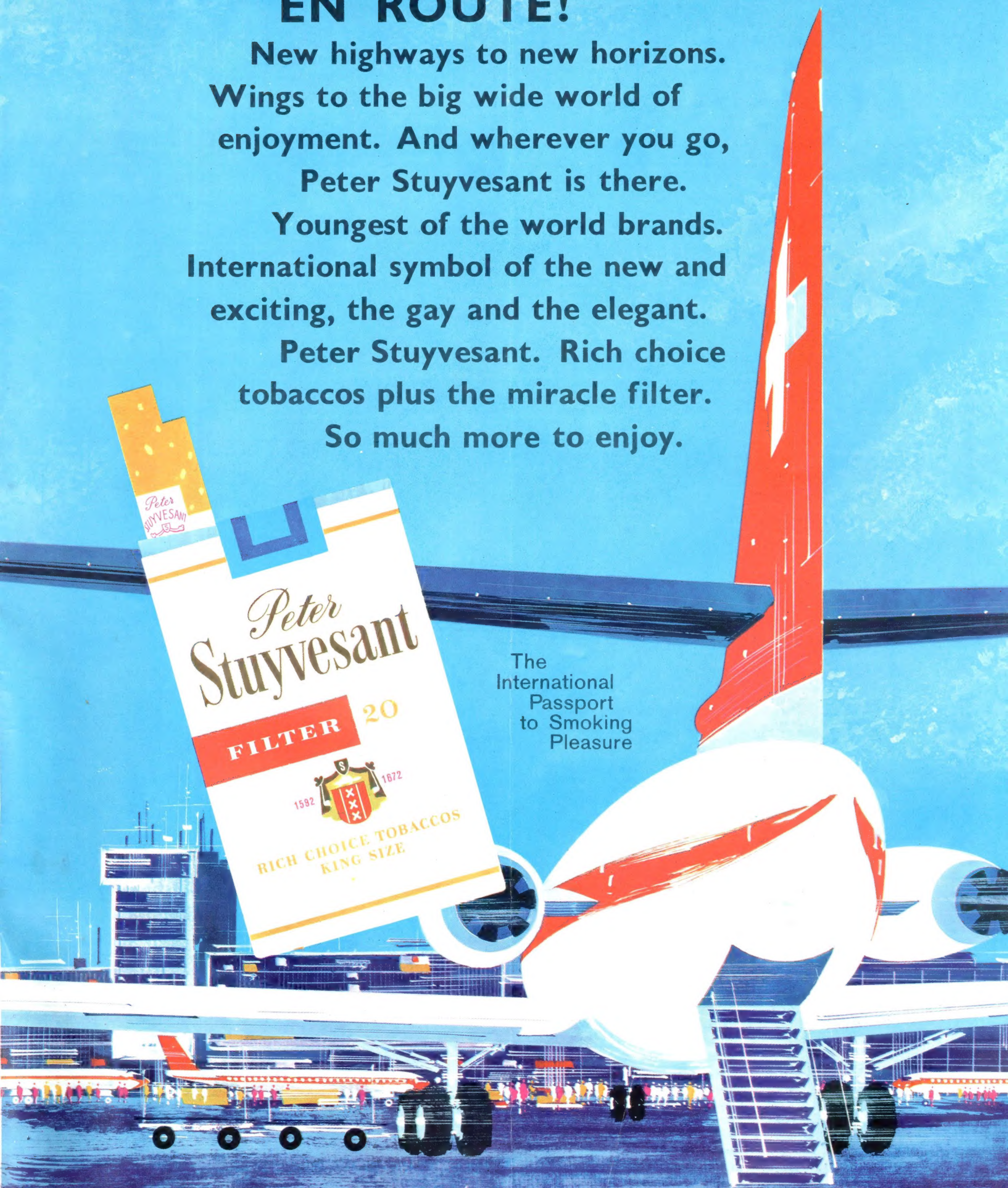
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